

The Australian

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July 23, 1958

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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What is your type?

(See pages 16-17)

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 23, 1958

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Our cover

● According to the experts, there are seven basic types of glamor ranging from Baby Doll to the Sophisticate. We put our cover girl this week into the Siren category, the girl who cuts a dazzle wherever she goes. Color photographs and advice on turning yourself into your favorite type of beauty appear on pages 16, 17.

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The Weekly Round

● We were not surprised to receive a big batch of mail in answer to Mrs. Margaret Burlace, who, in our issue of July 2, claimed that housewives have time to burn.

WE knew that many housewives might feel indignant at the charge that they wasted time, and, indeed, some were highly indignant.

In fairness to Mrs. Burlace we feel we should remind readers that she excluded mothers of very young children from her accusations. She herself has three children, but only one is under school age.

Then, too, her schedules of work are those of a city housewife. Naturally, country women, many of whom lack modern labor-saving appliances, have a different story to tell.

The answering letters make an interesting feature. You'll find them on pages 28 and 29.

★ ★ ★
IN our film color page this week we have some stills from "A Certain Smile," the film based on the novel by Francoise Sagan. Miss Sagan, you may remember, has written a good deal about young girls who fall in love with middle-aged men. Consistently, she married a publisher in his middle forties, just about twice her own age. Latest reports on this marriage, only a few months old, suggest that it may not last. Miss S. is as wilful as she is clever, and evidently some of her behaviour does not please her husband. He was reported to be particularly displeased when she arrived

at a wedding in a provincial town wearing a scanty bathing suit and bare feet. The mayor of the town didn't like her garb, either, and said so.

★ ★ ★
OUR food and cookery expert this week comes to the aid of bachelors who want to give a dinner party at home but are strangers to the kitchen.

She gives advice on easily prepared dishes for a dinner or supper party.

Talking of men in the kitchen, many a wife has come to regret encouraging her mate to cook.

The wife usually is left with the disagreeable job of kitchen-maid, and also finds herself left with an outside washing-up.

And, again, many a man, once he's learnt to cook, takes to criticising his wife's efforts.

NEXT WEEK

● You'll enjoy the novel included in pull-out form with next week's paper. It is "The Last Town Car," a fantastic story that will hold you absorbed to the end. With it we include a romantic short story, "When Monsieur Came to Dine," by Jean Muir. A new serial, "The Dark Enchantment," also appears.

THE GREAT FISH RUSH



ABOVE: Biggest jessfish caught during the contest. Weighing 45½lb., it was landed by Mr. T. Jones, of Woolgoolga, on Shelly Beach, south of the Clarence River. Members of the Grafton Anglers' Club weighed all catches, supervised running of contest.

BELOW: Competing in the Women's Angling Contest, Mrs. Kathleen Ashard, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, lands a bream weighing almost two pounds. Fisherwomen were as keen as the men, made no complaints about rough, cold weather, tried all their skill to win.



HUGE CROWD at Beachside Park, Yamba, hears details of the area where 50 specially tagged bream had been released. After viewing map, anglers rushed off to catch "Tim, the £10,000 bream." They failed, but anyone catching him within six months will win a prize of £100.

They caught a ton but failed to land £10,000

● Even in the days of the great gold rushes, Australia seldom saw such a rush as fishermen made on Yamba, the small resort on the north coast of N.S.W., last month.

WITHIN days the normal population of 750 grew to more than 7000, with men, women, and children coming from N.S.W., Queensland, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

They came to compete in the Ampol Angling Contest and to catch the richest prize ever offered to a fisherman — £10,000 for landing a tagged black bream.

The town's only hotel was packed and all holiday flats were crowded. Most contestants camped in caravans and tents.

Though Tim, the bream with the £10,000 tag, became "the fish that got away," anglers won valuable prizes, caught more than a ton of fish, endured bitter winds and rain while fishing from boats, beaches, rocks, and river banks.

On "Tim, the bream" day Mr. T. C. Roughley, former Fisheries Superintendent, stood beside a 10ft.-high map and pointed to where Tim and 49 other tagged bream had been released.

Competitors listened, looked, then raced off to the spot where they thought Tim would be.

The most successful fisherman during the contest was Tweed Heads' Ron Bailey, who caught 206 bream. He used a nylon line with sinker well down on the hook and bait of North Coast "yabbies."

In the first estuary contest Ron caught 133 bream in 20 hours, fishing from a rock on the "Middle Training Wall."

Like other competitors, he fished through a night of howling southerly winds and driving rain. Thousands of tourists who

crowded Yamba had plenty to watch during the contests.

They saw the Grafton Marching Girls lead a procession to the line-casting ground, where Australia's champion, Joe Carnemolla, made a cast of 428 feet.

They clapped admiringly when George Evans, of the Lower Maclean Club, won the 75 yards cast by landing his sinker within two feet of the marking-pin.

And they ate the fish that were caught, which, auctioned for Legacy, brought in £180. (Legacy also gained £2300 from the competition entrance fees.)

Yamba was chosen for the contest because:

- Fishermen regard it as the best ground for bream in Australia.
- It has enough good fishing-spots to cope with the enormous number of anglers.



FISHING for a fortune on "tagged-fish day," anglers crowd the beach near Reedy Creek, casting lines, baiting hooks incessantly. Unofficial competitors were Yamba's pelicans and seagulls. Pictures by T. C. Roughley.



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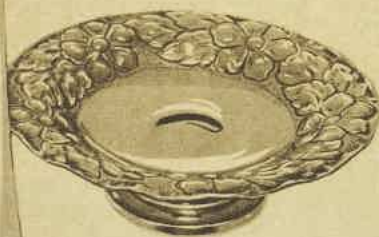
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Illustrated: Hot water pot and sweet dish by Silcraft who recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.



● **PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLDER** You'll save pounds and pounds if you spend 2/- a month on "Practical Householder," Australia's big Do-It-Yourself magazine. Packed with information on how to do those odd jobs round the house, it's on sale at all newsagents.



AFTER MASS in their private chapel, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace chat with his sister, Princess Antoinette, and her children in the beautiful white marble courtyard.



LEFT: Nurse Stahl, a young Swiss girl, with her Royal charges—Princess Caroline and Prince Albert.



BELOW: After opening a creche at the Foyer St. Devote Home, the Prince and Princess discuss extension plans with the matron of the orphanage, Sister Durand, and other officials.

INSIDE

FOR THE FIRST TIME Prince Rainier and Princess Grace invite two newspapermen into the Palace of Monaco for exclusive interviews and photographs on their private way of life and their plans for the future.

By GODFREY SMITH

Photographs by Roger Wood

● It is a curious paradox of our society that it requires thirteen hundred reporters, drawn from every corner of the earth, to write millions of words about two people, and leave us knowing, if anything, less about them than before.

THE columnists and cameramen have reported the wedding, the births, and the baptisms, and marched away feeling there is no more to be said.

But the two celebrated people made opaque in the glare of the flashlights must still face the business of living from day to day, and it is a profound cliché of human experience that it is not necessarily easier to find happiness in a palace than anywhere else.

When, therefore, we were escorted along the corridors of that same palace, we had no idea what to expect.

Prince Rainier III, Sovereign Prince of Monaco, received us in his study. It is an elegant room with windows

on three sides looking over his little Principality. There are modern paintings on the walls, a glass case full of porcelains, another containing shelves of model cars; there is a white portable radio on his desk with which he listens carefully to the latest news from France.

And all round the room there are pictures of his wife.

In official photographs, and especially on postage stamps, Prince Rainier looks formal and forbidding. This is a pity, for once he has lost his initial shyness he has very great charm.

Thirty-five years old, he is just under medium height, with thick black hair brushed back and turning grey. He has shaved off the existentialist beard he grew last year but retains the moustache.

He talks softly in perfect English, with only a suspicion of a French accent. This is not surprising, since he went to an English prep school and to Stowe.

"I didn't like the fagging much," he said. "And I didn't like cricket. It was the fielding I couldn't get used to. But I liked rugby. I played prop forward. Later on I broke my knee playing in Paris."

He plans to send his son to Rosey, the international Swiss school he himself went to after Stowe, then to an American university ("you make so many good contacts over there") and then, perhaps to Cambridge ("it's more modern than Oxford, isn't it?").

As for his daughter's education, that is for his wife to decide. The Princess was educated at an American convent, and would like Caroline to be educated by the same order of nuns.

In the outside world, we tend to think first of the Princess. In Monaco, they think first of the Prince.

His position is a little like that of a conscientious eighteenth-century English squire. Very little that goes on in the Principality escapes his notice,

MONACO



and he exercises a close, benevolent, paternal influence over his subjects.

But nowadays he does his best at every turn to bring his wife into the picture, too. For example, one day when we had an appointment with him he apologised for being late: "The Princess and I were choosing the color scheme for the new hospital."

The Prince works on his official correspondence each morning, lunches alone with his wife when he can, receives visitors in the afternoon, and regularly plays a hard game of squash at six. They usually have guests to a long, leisurely dinner.

It is an agreeable routine, but, like any other, it can pall. "That's why we're building this house at Fontbonne, thirty-five miles away," he said.

"It's small and compact, with just two guest-rooms, and it will be run by just one couple. You get so tired of not seeing any green land down here."

"And, you know, it's nice to reach for a beer and not have a dozen people open it for you."

"No, I don't think the Monegasques will mind us going up there. It was different in my great-grandfather's day, when he used to spend six months of the year at sea."

"In any case"—he grinned broadly—"I like to keep my eye on them."

"Yes, of course marriage has made a great difference. It's given a new sense of continuity to the country and brought new life into the palace."

Wherever you go in Monaco there is an air of change and renewal.

In the State-room of the palace skilled craftsmen are lovingly at work restoring the gold leaf on the walls.

said Rainier, "for sixty years. It's a small palace, but it feels, don't you think, as if it's lived in?"

Princess Grace was not present at our first meeting, but it was arranged that we should photograph them both going into Mass at their private chapel the following morning.

We waited in the 18th-century courtyard, a masterpiece in white marble. A strong Mediterranean sun slanted down, casting hard, black shadows on the stone.

We could hear the organ playing softly, through the half-open door of the chapel, but the courtyard was deserted.

They were due to appear at ten. They would walk up the graceful curving staircase to the Gallery of Hercules that runs round the courtyard on the first floor, walk along it, and go into the chapel by their private entrance.

It was as simple as that; yet as we waited the tension grew. It was hot and quiet; it was almost as if we were watching the opening shot of a Hitchcock film.

Quiet tension

Then, quite casually, they came out together and walked slowly up the staircase. The Princess was heavily veiled, and there was still no sound. Then they were gone, and we heard the Mass begin.

It was an inexplicably mysterious, brooding moment, but it was quickly over.

After Mass they took us out into their terraced garden, heavy with the scent of early summer.

Princess Grace had removed her veil, but now she was wearing sunglasses. We asked if she would mind removing them for a picture.

She did so, laughing without inhibition, and we realised that in her case, at any rate, the cameras had told the truth. She was beautiful.

Under the garden the cliff drops away sheer to the rocks

and sea 300 feet below. We looked down over the low wall at Rainier's motor-boat anchored in the little harbor beneath.

"My grandfather," he said, "had an awful English tutor. When he was given a punishment as a boy he used to walk along this wall on stilts."

"The tutor used to go green with terror and beg him to come down, promising to let him off the punishment."

At the bottom of the garden is the new squash court where the Prince plays each evening.

At the back of it is a small workroom, about the size of a suburban kitchen. In it are a couple of chairs, an easel with an amateur painting on it, a gramophone with some Stan Kenton records, and a sewing machine.

"We come down here when we want to get away from it all," the Prince said. "We both try to paint, and the Princess sews."

There are 130 on the staff at the palace, and under the Civil List the Prince's family is paid about £300,000 a year.

Perhaps in the last resort the Royal couple of Monaco want only the workroom at the back of the squash court.

Princess Grace received me in one of the private apartments of the palace.

"Yes, I miss acting," she said. "But since I've been married and had children I haven't really had time to think about it."

She was sitting, looking relaxed as ever, in a blue conversation chair: "Most of the furniture here came from the flat I used to share with another girl in New York."

In the room were several photographs of her two sisters' families. Scrawled on the pictures were the sort of unexceptional messages sisters write to each other.

She spoke with curious formality of Alfred Hitch-

ABOVE: The Prince and Princess enjoy the sun on the terrace of the palace, 300 feet above the harbor of Monte Carlo.

RIGHT: Playtime in the palace nursery. Princess Caroline, like every other child, finds her mother's glasses are irresistible.



cock, the director who made her famous, referring to him always as Mr. Hitchcock: "Mr. Hitchcock went on a diet before he began filming in the South of France."

"When we asked why he had to lose so much weight he said: 'I need eight or ten pounds to play around with down there.'"

"Yes, everyone was extremely kind and helpful to me when I came here. The only real difficulty at first was explaining what I wanted them to do."

Friendly warmth

"Once they understood they went to any amount of trouble for me. The Monegasques are such a warm and friendly people."

Now the Princess' French is quite fluent.

If the Monegasques are friendly, they have good cause

to be. There are no two ways about it: the Princess is enjoying her new role.

Her influence has been felt not so much by wholesale Americanisation (though she had strong views on the eccentric plumbing envisaged by the builders for their new house at Fontbonne) as by any number of small touches.

It was her idea to drop the word "orphanage" and substitute "home" at the Foyer St. Devote; her idea that there should be a special room set aside for a small library at the new hospital where patients could borrow books and have letters written for them.

She is head of the Monaco Red Cross and superintended the first-aid arrangements for the Grand Prix.

She organises the party for the fifty children of the palace staff each Christmas.

"We have a lot of friends," she told me. "I've met a lot of the Prince's friends from Paris and he's met mine from America, so we do a good deal of entertaining."

"We hope to pay another trip to America in the fall. But I like to read when I can—mainly history."

"Yes, I love music, too. I think Bach is my favorite."

"In the future we should like to see Monaco develop as a centre for the arts. We have the resources necessary and a perfect setting."

Next summer Prince Rainier and Princess Grace plan a series of concerts for young instrumentalists in the courtyard of their palace.

NEXT WEEK
Rainier's problems as a ruler.

VISCOUNT



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CHANGE TO VISCOUNT TODAY — YOU'RE CHANGING TO A BETTER CIGARETTE.

Men like "to star" in kitchen - so let them

- says expert Dione Lucas

● "Get your man into the kitchen," says world-famous cookery expert Mrs. Dione Lucas. "You'll have a rest, he will have fun, and you might just save some money."

MRS. LUCAS was brought to Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly to give demonstrations of her superb cooking in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth.

Mrs. Lucas doesn't plan to start a domestic upheaval in Australia, and she doesn't want to find irate husbands gunning for her.

She wants, however, to debunk the old joke that when a man is let loose in the kitchen his wife must spend hours cleaning up after him.

"Men make wonderful cooks," said Mrs. Lucas. "They're more methodical than women—and more careful. It's their hard-earned money they are cooking, so they're inclined to waste less. 'I don't believe all husbands could be turned into good cooks,' she said. 'Lots of

men consider the kitchen their wives' domain.

"But if you get your husband interested in cooking, you'll find you can convert him from the monotonous steak-and-eggs type of meals."

Mrs. Lucas, a world authority on her subject, believes that men like to star in the kitchen.

"It's the actor in them and they tend to consider it a challenge," she said. "They might make a bit of a mess at first, but they'll soon learn."

Although many of the famous Cordon Bleu's menus are lavish, with expensive ingredients catering for special occasions, she is very down-to-earth on the need for economy in the housewife's budget.

Weekly menu

She thinks that women could save on the family budget by planning a full family menu a week ahead—and sticking to it.

"The housewife of 30 years ago planned it this way," she said, "and despite modern shopping conveniences today's housewife would find it more economical and less harassing."

Mrs. Lucas has a large number of men among the students of her cookery classes.

"Some are bachelors tired of tin-can meals," she said, "but one of my most popular

classes is for married couples.

"The couples come to evening class and cook their own dinner. Husband and wife take alternate courses and each watches the other prepare a tricky part of any dish."

"We teach them how to cook their way through a dinner menu, and how to serve it, with the right table setting and wines."

"Then they can sit down and eat it."

A typical husband-and-wife menu:

● **Bulla:** Fresh green pea and turtle soup served in individual bowls topped with browned whipped cream.

● **Boned Baby Rainbow Trout:** Grilled, stuffed with herb butter and served with grilled slivered almonds, a

FAMOUS COOK Mrs. Dione Lucas, who is giving cookery demonstrations in a kitchen built at Mark Foy's Ltd., Sydney.

wine, and meuniere sauce. ● **Baked Beef:** Brioche dough rolled out thinly to a large square, wrapped round a fillet of larded beef spread thickly with foie gras mixed with brandy, rolled up like a jelly roll and baked, then served with braised celery or lettuce.

● **Two Desserts:** Mrs. Lucas' cheese-cake (the recipe is given in the Dione Lucas Cook Book just published by The Australian Women's Weekly) and a Napoleon, which is puffed pastry with cream.

Mrs. Lucas believes that it's never too early to learn cooking.

At her New York school,

which has grown so big that she is moving it out of her flat, there are special classes for children.

"We take girls and boys aged from five," she said. "That's one way to get a man into the kitchen at a very early stage."

"Teaching children to cook is a practical way of making them learn to use their head, their hands, and training them to be neat and tidy."

"Besides," she said, "children love to mix mud pies, so they might just as well learn to mix pastry pies."

One of her pupils is a girl of seven who has learnt to cook a three-course meal.

On special occasions she cooks and serves potato-and-watercress soup, roast chicken with bread sauce and green beans, and chocolate mousse.

Slim, elegant

Dione Lucas is tall, slim, and elegant, has almost a yard of wavy brown hair in a huge plaited chignon, and a calm, unruffled face with bright brown eyes.

She likes clothes, wears well-cut simple suits for travelling, keeps a series of simple printed cotton dresses for her TV performances and demonstrations.

She has fine, strong hands with short, unpainted nails.

"I do wear colorless polish, but painted nails would look terrible in a bowl of dough," she said. "Also, the polish would chip doing the chores."

Mrs. Lucas thinks that diet is often ballyhooed.

"It is plain common sense not to eat large helpings of cream and fats," she said. "Intelligent eating habits—the right foods and the right amounts—are much better than rigid and severe dieting."

Footnote: At home, Mrs. Lucas, the mother of grown-up sons Mark, aged 25, and Peter, 17, seldom cooks for herself, turning into a cooking expert only when her sons are home.

She said: "I haven't been very successful enticing either into the kitchen. They like their food put in front of them."

By ANNETTE FIELDING-JONES, staff reporter



When and where...

MRS. DIONE LUCAS will give demonstrations of her cooking in Sydney this week at Mark Foy's Ltd.

The demonstrations are from 2 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. daily from July 21 to 25 inclusive. Admission is free.

A kitchen modelled on the American television kitchen used by Mrs. Lucas has been specially built and erected in the Empress Ballroom on the 5th floor of Mark Foy's main building. There is seating for 400.

Mrs. Lucas will be introduced at each session by Leila C. Howard, The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Expert.

Also at Mark Foy's this week, some of Mrs. Lucas' dishes, cooked by head chef Tony Clerici, are on the luncheon menu in the 5th floor restaurant. Afterwards diners may watch Mrs. Lucas prepare the dishes.

The demonstrations will be televised on Channel 9, TCN on Monday, July 21.

Mrs. Lucas also will appear on TCN on Tuesday, July 22, from 4 to 5 p.m., as a guest in "Gas Cookery," usually conducted by Claire Davis, of The Australian Gaslight Company, at 3.30 p.m. Claire Davis will introduce Mrs. Lucas.

You rate what you get

● Next time you and your friends grizzle about TV programmes, stop complaining and relax. If a programme displeases you it won't last long, because you determine what programmes you get.

"YOU" are the public and your tastes are made known to the three different TV channels and the advertisers who sponsor them by a complicated thing called a Television Audience Rating.

Television Audience Ratings, called "ratings," are compiled by many different organisations which specialise in this highly scientific work.

High ratings mean the show is popular with viewers, low ratings mean it is not.

Like me, you will probably say no one has ever asked you what you like, so what these specialists say isn't true.

But when I spent some time recently with the Beacon Research Company, an organisation typical of those doing this work, they proved beyond doubt that someone with similar tastes to mine and yours was in every survey battling for the programmes we like.

In fact, the buff-colored sheets of the monthly reports provided by Beacon reflect your tastes to a mathematically measurable degree.

They keep 20 people working eight hours a day, 40

hours a week, 52 weeks a year—they give scriptwriters and producers nervous breakdowns, advertisers doses of joy and/or anxiety neuroses, and send high executives of all channels flying across continents in search of more and better programmes.

Television Parade By NAN MUSGROVE

First stage of a rating survey is the planning of the sample of viewers. The sample is composed of 150 homes, each one representative of a type of family (this is where you and I come in) which watches TV.

To do this, the Sydney metropolitan viewing area is first divided into its 35 local government areas. From each of these areas is taken a number of viewers in proportion to the number of sets in that area.

These viewers are from: ● Old and new set-owners as well as owners for differing periods, say sets three months old, six months old, and 11 months old. ● Homes with children and without children.

- Homes run by young, old, and middle-aged housewives.
- Homes where the wife is a career woman.
- Homes where the wife is at home all day.
- Homes of different economic classes.

(In the Sydney metropolitan viewing area, 29 per cent. of all homes have TV; in Melbourne's metropolitan viewing area there are 32 per cent., making a total of about 350,000 TV homes in Australia, one of the fastest-growing TV populations in the world.)

Beacon Research is confident that their sampling is mathematically representative of all viewers in Sydney. They proved it to the extent of producing from their files, at my request, the name of a New Australian mother of five children in the middle-income group with TV and a phone.

Having chosen their sample (a different sample is chosen each month), Beacon's investigators go to work. Every sample member is called on personally and given a most comprehensive book to fill in.

Next day their "investigator" talks to them again, checks their viewing hours, what they watched, what 8-

KATHY (Laurie Chapin) prepares to leave for Outer Space after Father (Robert Young) decides he'll be a tyrant. "Father" (Channel 9, Tuesday, 8 pm.) is among the shows Sydney women viewers really go for.

year-old Angelina said about the Mickey Mouse Club.

(The investigator even records the day's maximum and minimum temperature, whether it is sunny or wet.)

At the end of the week—with the TV week divided into five-minute periods—the investigator is a friend of the family, and their likes and dislikes are filed at Beacon for future reference.

Day by day "flash" ratings are given to subscribers, with the complex mathematical findings following later.

The subscribers range through TV channels, advertising agents, advertisers, programme producers. They pay at varying rates to get the information they want.



I was lucky, I got the information I wanted for nothing, and here it is.

● **Children in Sydney** watch shows like *Circus Boy* and the *Mickey Mouse Club* on Channel 9, *Laurel and Hardy* and *Superman* on Channel 7, *The Children's TV Club* and *Life of Riley* on Channel 2.

● **Sydney's women viewers** like the full-length films on all channels, "I Love Lucy" and "Father Knows Best" on Channel 9, and the *Phil Silvers Show* on Channel 2.

● **Sydney men** choose Sunday night films on all channels, "Gunsmoke" and "Sugarfoot" on Channel 9, *Laurel and Hardy* on Channel 7.

The man in the flaring trapeze

● The girl in the chemise or trapeze might think the high-fashion world is hers alone to command, but if men follow the decree of Savile Row tailors she's in for some strong competition.

THEY'VE already launched a masculine version of the trapeze, and they claim this is only the beginning of more elegant and voguish fashions for men.

It all began recently when London's top tailors decided to revolt against Edwardianism, Teddy-boyism, and the boring "Eternalism" of men's clothes.

The result makes the conventional suit every man-in-the-street is wearing today just as outmoded as long skirts are for the women walking beside them.

Tight pants are OUT, and from this day forward—or at least till next season's parades—it's the flare look, the male trapeze-line with bell-bottom trousers.

And then, for the man who doesn't think he has quite the figure to star in this model, there's a more slickly tailored creation featuring trousers and waistcoat combined.

The proud designers of this style can't think of a name for it, but it's rather like the wartime siren suit with the elegant look of a Spanish dancer thrown in.

The new looks for men

were produced at a parade in London's Savoy Hotel by the Men's Fashion Council, whose membership includes most of Savile Row's tailors.

President of the Council is Mr. Edward H. Watson, who is the Duke of Edinburgh's tailor.

Defending and recommending the new approach to men's fashion, he said, "From now on we are going to flare suit coats out from the waist and trousers from the knee.

"To be fashionable, men's trousers will be 18 inches to 19 inches at the knee, and about 21 inches round the ankles."

Royal lead?

While Mr. Watson admitted that the idea of combining trousers and waistcoat in one piece was more of a gimmick, he added that if he could get the Duke of Edinburgh to wear one he was confident the fashion would be an enormous success.

This parade was only one of many recent events which have shown that there's a brand-new interest in men's clothes in Britain.

In one month there were seven important men's fashion shows in London, two

leading women's stores opened men's departments, and sales of men's accessories rocketed throughout the country.

In America, there's an even more active campaign to make the men as fashion-conscious as the women.

For example, ten women have just been appointed to the executive staff of a famous chain of American stores for the sole purpose of boosting men's fashion-consciousness.

The first thing the ten women have set out to do is to change men's defensive attitude to their clothes.

"Men become defensive, self-conscious, and unhappy when they're not dressed to conform. This is mainly because they don't have the female idea that fashion means something new and exciting, and that it's fun to be first with the latest. But we'll change all that," say the women.

They intend to make men feel more competitive about their clothes.

"At present they don't feel any pride when they wear a smart new tie for lunch with the boys. One reason is that the boys think it's sissy to comment on how really smart another man looks. But we'll



ABOVE: At first glance this is a fairly traditional lounge-suit, but the single-breasted waistcoat, with lapels, is joined to the trousers as one garment. This fashion was shown recently by the Men's Fashion Council in London.

LEFT: Slanted pockets are also emphasised in the London fashions for men. They are featured in this suit together with the deep flared sleeve cuffs which Savile Row tailors have decreed as the latest style.

RIGHT: And this, in color and cut, is typical of what the well-dressed man's trousers will look like. Left is the masculine version of the trapeze.



London tailors stage revolt

change that attitude, too," claim the ten brave women.

"Men buy few clothes because women go shopping first and use all the budget money," they said.

"And too often women shop for the men in their families, because they regard all men's clothes as pretty uniform and uninteresting.

"Not only is their attitude wrong, but it stifles any interest that the men could develop in fashion.

When the advisers conducted a poll to see how women liked to see their husbands dressed, the most common reply was "smart and conservative."

Only a few women wanted to see their husbands looking important, expensive, or unusual.

Maybe this is because it would draw attention from themselves, but whatever the reason it makes the task of the ten advisers much more difficult.

RIGHT: Frilled cuffs and cravats made a come-back for evening-wear in the London parade of men's fashions. This mulberry-colored dress suit has flared trouser legs and sleeve cuffs. The jacket has satin facings and collar; is lined with navy satin, and is worn over a waistcoat of white scattered silk.

Particularly as another survey in the store showed that more than 57 per cent. of all men's suits and coat sales was made with women present. And women buy almost 75 per cent. of all men's accessories and other clothing.

So, despite what all the men might think, it doesn't look as though they'll have much say in whether they change their style of clothing as often as a woman changes her hat.

It will be the chic young girl in the chemise who will make the final decision on the popularity of the man in the flaring trapeze.

BELOW: Full-length views of the two suits, the trousers of which are shown in color opposite. The trapeze-style suit (left) combines most of the new fashion details featured in the London parade.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Flared cuffs. | 4. Side vent. |
| 2. Covered buttons. | 5. Longer jacket. |
| 3. Waisted, flared. | 6. 17in. knees. |
| | 7. Bell-bottoms. |



CRITICAL EYES examine the trapeze-style suit in the streets of London after the Men's Fashion Council had launched it among their new creations. Judging by the expressions, these four young men won't be lined up waiting to buy.

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The safe, fast way to relieve HEADACHE and PAIN

HERE'S WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU: Ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. do not readily dissolve—they merely break up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

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You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

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Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

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"He's been almost unbearable since he won first prize for having the cleverest apron on the block."



"Now remember! It's rude to push your way through a crowd... Just worm your way to the front."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

ENVIOUS of the glitter of South Queensland's Gold Coast, New South Wales is making a drive to develop the tourist resorts of its own far north coast.

When the N.S.W. Minister for Lands, Mr. Gollan, returned from a tour of the State's north last week he said he could not understand how Queensland had been able to hold its lead in tourist attractions. Northern N.S.W. had better beaches, better fishing, and other natural attractions, he insisted.

Some spirited arguments can stem from that beginning.

Pretty beaches are to be found both sides of the border. Whether the fishing is better in one place than another always depends on the whims of bream and the rest of their incalculable companions.

Queensland, however, has an advantage which will be difficult to overtake. There is a firm belief among residents of the southern States that the temperature will rise ten degrees as soon as they drive through the border gates.

If you tell citizens of Melbourne or Sydney that you are bound for the Gold Coast in winter they say ecstatically, "Oh, how lovely to be warm." You could name a destination ten miles south of it and evoke no envy.

"Should I take a cardigan to Queensland?" north-bound winter travellers sometimes ask me.

In my answer I am always torn between exaggerating the winter warmth of my native State and strict truth—which is that in South Queensland it can be jolly cold sometimes around this time of year.

A LONDON taxi driver is proud of the fact that he has twice collided with royal vehicles.

Forty years ago his lorry ran into a carriage in which the Prince of Wales was driving. Last week his taxi collided with Prince Philip's car.

"Can you beat this?" he asks motorists.

Well, plenty seem to try.

A FRIEND back from abroad has brought me a wallet from Pakistan.

"It's made of tiger skin," she said. "It looked a mad sort of thing. So I immediately thought of you."

ART in the kitchen is the newest thing in Paris.

One of the leading art galleries is showing refrigerators painted by distinguished French artists.

Refrigerator painting was a victory over the "negative style of emptiness," said Jean Cocteau, whose fridge was adorned with nude figures wearing green and orange hair.

For those who like to keep up with current cultural taste, art in the kitchen is going to mean more headaches.

Until now the kitchen has been free of the kind of worries that beset the living-room—whether to stifle a natural preference for gum trees and deck the walls with abstracts, whether to settle for period or contemporary furniture.

All the fridge had to do was keep cold and look clean. In recent times manufacturers have satisfied the aesthetic tastes of buyers with pretty

colors on the outside and pastels and gilt inside.

Keeping up with the Jones' is going to be harder than ever now. Once culture invades the kitchen, it won't stop at paintings on the outside of refrigerators.

You know those beautifully organised contents which the ads. always show?

Just wait till the ladies who are now carried away with flower-arranging start to vie with one another on food-arranging.

ONE feels a little diffident about digging up the works of H. G. Wells these days.

I doubt that many people read him any more, and the pastime of discovering prophecies-come-true in his science fiction has become rather old-fashioned.

Nevertheless it is hard to let pass the news that France and Sweden may enter the atom-bomb race.

Thirteen years ago, when the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, there was a revival of interest in a book by Wells which described the effect of the discovery and use of such a bomb.

Wells was then still in his optimistic period. (Before he died he came to take a pretty hopeless view of the ultimate fate of humanity.)

He gave the work a happy ending. A small nation obtained possession of atomic secrets, held the balance of power, and brought all the other nations to heel so that everyone lived happily ever after.

• Bus travellers in Sydney are complaining at the abolition of the rear destination signs on buses. The Transport Commissioner, Mr. A. A. Shoebridge, stated: "Rear destination signs are costly to maintain and the advantage to be gained in restoring them would not justify the expense."

If you see a bus approaching,
The one you want to catch,
You don't care if its label
Has one at back to match.

And yet the weary traveller
Deserves some kindly thought.
On public transportation
He's often overwrought.

If he sees a bus departing
(On this one must insist),
He's comforted obscurely
By knowing what he's missed.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● Floods have been one of Australia's most violent natural enemies from the time of the first settlement. In 1806, the tiny colony in New South Wales was reduced to near-starvation by the loss of crops along the flooded Hawkesbury River. Since then, at frequent, if irregular, intervals, the inland rivers have burst their banks, turning hundreds of square miles into vast lakes, and coastal rivers have raced to the sea in swirling torrents. All have left a trail of destruction and often death. One of the most often flooded cities is low-lying Maitland, centre of the fertile Hunter River Valley in New South Wales, which has had 21 major floods since 1908. In the record 1955 flood, 11 people died, damage to Maitland and district was estimated at £5,000,000, more than 2000 houses were flooded and about 100 swept away. These pictures by Raymond Davie show (above) a train caught by the swiftly rising waters at Maitland Railway Station; and (right) rescue operations in High Street, Maitland.

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Dull, dry hair, limp, oily hair gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better. Best of all, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair.



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Bottles
5/6 & 9/6**

**Bubbles...
1/3**

EC521-143

The Queen in a boiler suit

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

● The Queen's sensational "down the mine" boiler-suit has set a fashion not only for winter sports but for publicity-seekers.

ONE newspaper commented: "There will be a rush of smart women down the nearest mines in similar outfits."

Film starlets already have asked the Coal Board if they may do a mine inspection, and the material in the suit is being sought so that the outfit, now in the Palace archives, can be copied.

Despite the heavy cold she caught later in the tour, it was a lucky suit for the Queen. The following Saturday her horse Miner's Lamp won. The suit was made by a large industrial clothing factory, where Mrs. Sheila Lovelady, a 23-year-old, £6/10/- a week employee, was the stand-in for the Queen.

"Smash hit"

Her measurements are larger than the Queen's, but the suit didn't have to fit like a tailor-made garment.

The factory's 300 employees knew the suit was for the Queen and were very proud to be making it.

Made in white satin drill, the suit normally sells at £2/5/6. There were no extra trimmings. The suit is identical with thousands worn by women in industry, with three pockets and a waist-to-neck zip.

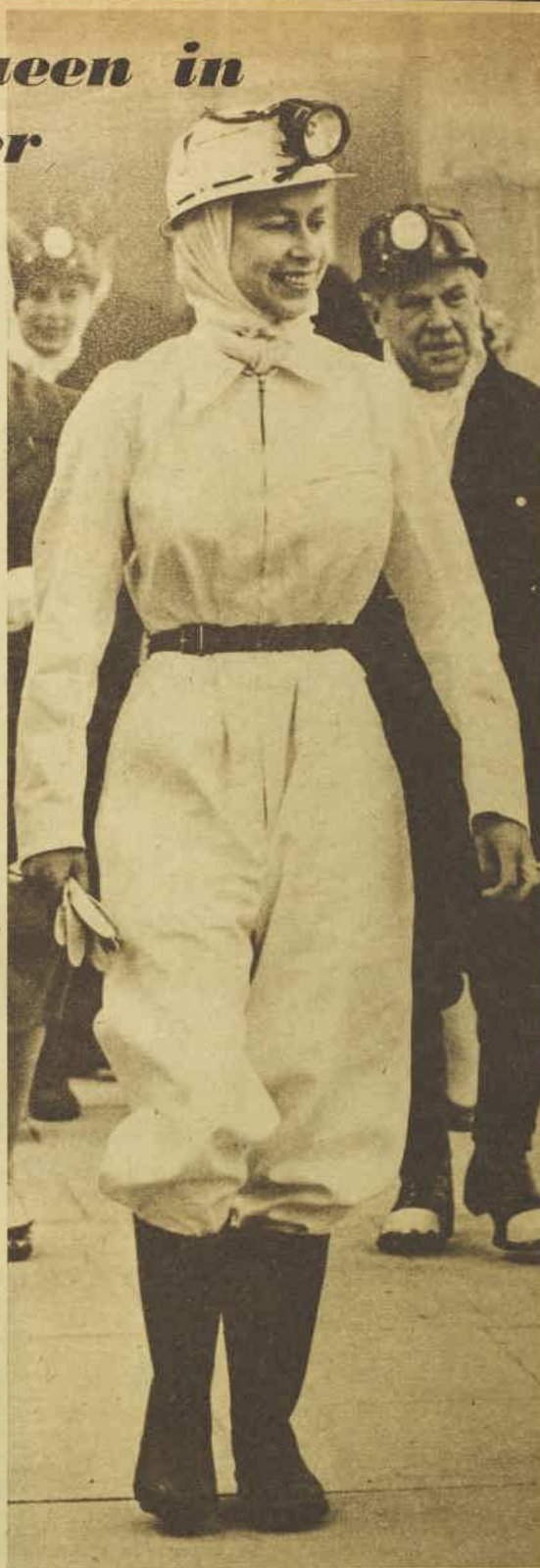
The Queen's couturier, Norman Hartnell, said: "It was a smash hit."

"White with black touches is most flattering for women."

"The nun-like wimple and the tight black belt that cinched the Queen's tiny waist were very good."

Meanwhile, orders for a poster showing the Queen in her boiler-suit have flooded into the office of Britain's National Safety Council.

Buckingham Palace has since banned the poster, designed to stress safety in industry.



FAMOUS BOILER-SUIT which the Queen wore when she inspected a Scots colliery. She changed into and zipped up the suit herself.

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Contributions are invited for The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best. Here are this week's winners.

ARRIVING at our first country appointment, we discovered that inexpensive, undressed poultry was available. Attempts at affable conversation on the first delivery of a bird were somewhat frustrated by loud cackles.

"Be funny if it laid an egg," I remarked.

"It'd be funny orright," my farmer friend replied. "It's a rooster."

£2/2/- to Mrs. Jean M. Cook, Halbury, S.A.

I WAS rather flattered by what I thought was admiring attention from the small boy next door as I worked on the car one Sunday afternoon. Then his older brother asked:

"Do you know what my brother is doing?"

"No," I replied.

"He's watching to see you drop dead for working on Sunday."

£2/2/- to R. Lewis, Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra, A.C.T.

● Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Aussie speech sounds sweet to him

● Stop having guilty feelings, a bad conscience, a sense of inferiority about the way you speak.

STOP apologising for your speech, stop being intimidated by the gibes of others, especially the English, who have a much greater variety of pronunciation than Australians.

Stop being sensitive about the way you speak or intolerant about the way others speak, for difference in speech is not abnormal but normal throughout the world.

Learn a lesson from the Americans, who as a people not much older than Australians are not penitent in any way about how they speak English.

This is the advice—in clear, pleasant—to listen—to educated Australian—of Professor A. G. Mitchell, Professor of English Language and Literature at Sydney University.

Professor Mitchell was brought up on a North Coast dairy farm, spoke broad Australian when he went to the University, but deliberately altered his accent because the academic preference in those days was for what was then called southern or standard English.

Professor Mitchell led a special speech advisory committee which, after 10 years' work, recently completed a speech handbook for the N.S.W. Education Department as a guide to teachers, particularly teachers at secondary schools.

"How Now . . ."

This handbook has sparked controversy about Australian speech and produced an amusing newspaper headline, "How Now, Fair Cow?", largely because the first published reports of the committee's work and recommendations were a little misleading in their implication that the emphasis of the handbook was mainly on accent.

But after talking to Professor Mitchell and reading the handbook—a learned, sensible, down-to-earth tome of 158 pages—it's clear that the special committee, while laying down a pattern to improve the speech of Australian children, and help them speak more pleasantly, recommends leaving accent severely alone.

One point in the handbook makes this clear:

"Attempts have been made to impose upon Australian children a way of speaking that was not natural to them, even precocious and affected. Speech education has been based not upon the actual speech habits of Australians but upon some vague and unreal notion of correctness and purity . . .

"No attempt should be made to impose upon Australians a style of speech current outside Australia. Differences of speech should be recognised and allowed."

But—and this seems to be the basis of the controversy



PROFESSOR A. G. MITCHELL, Professor of English Language at Sydney University, at work in his book-lined study.

and the handbook—do Australians really speak badly?

Professor Mitchell, who is a student of language, doesn't think so and says there is probably no more bad speech in Australia than in England.

He says: "If by speaking badly we mean speech that is difficult to follow or careless in its grammar or construction, then the percentage here is small."

"If we mean that it's unpleasant to listen to, strident, nasal, then on my own observations over a broad section of the Australian community I'd say that it applies to perhaps two per cent."

"There are a lot of superstitious ideas about our speech."

By RONALD McKIE

People make statements and repeat statements which are not true. If the Australian generally said 'Oi' when he was supposed to say 'I,' then he would pronounce 'Buy' and 'Boy' the same. He doesn't.

Myth

"Australians don't say something close to 'toime' for 'time,' yet people believe they do because this myth has been repeated so often."

"Australians are largely to blame for perpetuating the myth about their poor speech and nasal accent, and it's time they lost their guilty feelings, their sense of inferiority, about their speech."

I asked Professor Mitchell to explain how Australians speak and the origin of their speech.

"There are two forms of Australian speech—educated Australian and broad Australian, which about 80 per cent. of Australians, including 70 per cent. of university students, speak."

"If a person who speaks broad Australian wants to acquire the educated Aus-

tralian pronunciation, all he has to do is vary the formation of only six diphthongs—as in 'beat, boot, say, so, high, and how.'

"But the one reason which should never be accepted or suggested is that educated Australian is correct and broad Australian incorrect."

"Broad Australian speech is used by people of good education and high standing in the community and used by most Australians. It is neither corrupt nor incorrect. It is just one of our two accents."

"As Thomas Wood said in 'Cobbers,' his book about Australia, 'I've been to social gatherings where the dress of guests made me wonder how

I got past the door, while their speech made me wonder how they had got past the door."

"The only reason for abandoning broad Australian for educated Australian is personal convenience or personal preference."

"Educated Australian could be an asset to some individuals in their jobs or socially, just as it could be a handicap in other circles. Yet accent in Australia does not in any way denote class."

"The general speech of a people is established by the first arrivals."

"Our earliest arrivals in any numbers were convicts, and we now know that the vast majority of them came from London and Essex, so that our basic speech started largely from those two areas."

"Later, when free settlers came from all over the British Isles, you got a cocktail effect, and, later still, when the gold-rushes only a century ago brought people from continental Europe and America as well as from Britain there were more modifications and changes in our speech."

"And as instability is the universal law of language, our speech will continue to change."

But in what way will the recommendations of the special committee help Australian children speak better?

"The handbook tries to be realistic," Professor Mitchell says. "It tries to lay the emphasis equally on the ability of an individual to express thought and meaning and on the mechanics of speech."

Children

"Both have a place, both are important, for the primary purpose of speech is to convey meaning."

"Our aim is to make children more articulate, to get rid of the marks of crude and uneducated speech, the common errors and shoddiness."

"Crudities like 'Satdee,' 'It don't matter,' 'Anythink,' 'pitcher,' 'mornin,' 'sompin,' 'whatcherwant,' and hundreds more."

"We feel that one of the most important ways teachers can improve the speech of their students is speech training through action—by the use of situations in everyday life associated with home and school."

"How to start a sentence, ask a question, make a telephone call, buy something from the grocer, express thanks, ask for directions, report an accident, call the doctor, greet an old friend, describe a holiday, explain where to catch a bus, and countless more."

"And by group activities—debates, discussions, speech-making, plays, verse reading, listening to recordings of good English, even comparing educated Australian and broad Australian."

"In other words, speech will not be kept in a strait-jacket as it used to be by merely forcing children to recite Gray's 'Elegy.'"

Oxford accent

"Good speech must be the concern of all teachers, not just the English teacher. I feel that if teachers can eliminate the crudities and errors of speech, can give children even a little appreciation of the aesthetic values of drama and poetry, can encourage children to be articulate human beings who can speak clearly, effectively, intelligently, pleasantly, then they will give them what I regard as a good education."

"The accent doesn't matter, for there is no such thing as standard English, and in all countries you get variety of speech."

"Oxford English, broad Australian, the southern American drawl—they are just different ways of speaking English and no one is better, more correct or more desirable than the other."

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... singing new lip colour with an undercurrent of excitement that will quicken your pulse, make you feel irresistible. Creamier, smoother, more indelible than ever before. So 'long-lasting', you will feel it's part of you . . .



Lipstick, 13/9; Quick Change Refill, 8/6.

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—says Mrs. W. M., of Kensington.
"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthoids. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me. I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Menthoids."
(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

SEE WHAT MENTHOLIDS WILL DO FOR YOU!

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Menthoids tonic action also tones the system to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family—start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY.



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You'll strike the right note when you buy ...

HOADLEY'S CANDY BARS



BETWEEN CHUKKAS Gordon Dowling, of "Milo," Young, who plays for Toompang, collects a polo stick from his wife, Judy, at Warwick Farm.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

CABLES have been flying back and forth between London and Sydney announcing the birth of Barbara and Nick Romalis' first child—a son to be christened Nicholas John.

Barbara's parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Holliday, are at present in London (where they attended the Royal garden party last week) and are thrilled because they've been invited to spend a month in Russia, sponsored by the Rotary Club.

They'll leave the Continent

in a couple of months, returning home through the United States in October.

NOW on her way to London to join Di Merriman, Judith Anne Dunstan plans to spend a few years school-teaching in England and Europe.

NEVER a dull moment last weekend for four attractive country lasses who acted as grooms for the Quirindi team's polo ponies at the Dudley Cup. Sally Falkiner groomed for Bruce McDonald, Virginia Glasson for Peter Cudmore, Wendy Hill for brother Theo, and Morna McKenzie for Arthur Carter.

SUCH a gay party last week celebrated the engagement of blond Sue Triggs to Young bachelor David Marina, only son of the E. B. Marinas, of "Wonga," Young. Sue is wearing a pearl-and-diamond ring and received lots of good wishes at the polo—as usual David did the commentary.

"IVE bought myself an Italian phrase-book and we're off in October," announced artist Elwynn Lynn at his one-man show at the Macquarie Galleries. Elwynn and his lovely German-born wife are using the proceeds from the sale of his paintings to spend a year in Europe—they'll disembark in Naples and make their way up through Italy to Bremen, Mrs. Lynn's home town.

AND the youngest art-lover of all was three-year-old Eve Chapman, doing the rounds with her mother,

wearing a navy-lined coat with a red-lined pixie hood.

AT LEFT: Quartet at the Army Ball were (from left) Staff-Sergeant John Ewing, of Scottish Regiment, Barbara Scott, Lieut. David Gulliford, and Velda Campbell.

BALLERINA Brenda Bolton (second from right) with Margaret Goodwin (left), Elizabeth Hughes, Tony McGrath, and Robin Wilson at an informal party at Brenda's Rose Bay home.



COUNTRY INTEREST. John Capper and his bride, formerly Susan Taylor, leave All Saints' Church, Singleton, for their wedding reception. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Capper, of Durrumbidgee, Queensland, and Susan is the daughter of the Keith Taylors, of Singleton. The young couple will live on John's property at Cooma.

HAD to admire Brenda Bolton's slinky black sack which she wore at her young people's party last week. With bands of black fringe circling the skirt, it looked as though it must have come from a London couturier—but no, Brenda bought it at the Cross. And it certainly was a flying visit home—she leaves next Monday to return to the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company.

IT'S an early start to a modelling career for 18-month-old Virginia McGrath, who'll appear with her mother Joan in the mothers and daughters' parade of Stella Fraenkel's spring hats on July 17. The Town and Country Ball committee is organising the parade to aid the Smith Family.

Anne

PRETTY DEBUTANTE Kay Ayers, of Drumoyne, dancing with Sapper Don Mays at the Army Ball at the Trocadero.



ART SHOW. Mrs. Robert Shaw (left), Mrs. Paul Cullen, and artist Judy Cassab (Mrs. John Kampfner) at the opening of Eleyynn Lynn's show at the Macquarie Galleries.



What Type are You?



● Can you find yourself among these seven basic types? You may be part Baby Doll, part Duchess, with a dash of Siren thrown in. To turn yourself into your ideal, study your favorite type here.

Baby Doll

SHE'S the prettiest, most popular girl at any surf-club dance: the girl with the big, big eyes, the whoosh of shining hair, a rosebud mouth; the girl all the boys fight to dance with. She always wears bright pink lipstick; has a peaches-and-cream complexion, which, wise girl, she makes sure is spanking clean (if water doesn't suit, she uses cream to get every trace of make-up off, wipes it all off with skin tonic). She keeps her make-up light. For daytime, a light, light foundation,

with maybe a fluff from a tiny powder-puff just to take off the shine. She's practised hard, so she's a whizz with a lipstick brush. Most days she simply brushes her long lashes and tidy eyebrows with a special brush and smooths on a little vaseline. Come the club dance, though, and she really makes her eyes shine with a light application of blue eyeshadow, outlining the top lid only with a fine blue or brown pencil. A light hand with blue or brown mascara makes her lashes seem inches long.

She'll look marvellous in the Trapeze fashions of wider skirts stopping short enough to show off her pretty legs.

SHE'S the fire-and-ice beauty who makes spectacular entrances, is never lost in a crowd, probably owns a mink and gets diamonds for her birthday. She dresses dramatically—will wear a slender black crepe evening dress when others are in pastel brocade. She has a wardrobe of "at home" outfits — all-colored narrow velvet pants with chiffon shirts or cashmere sweaters to match and a collection of jewelled evening slippers. She applies fashion to beauty, too, and has a pet hairdresser who loves to try out the newest Paris hairstyles on her. She's a blonde today, might become a strawberry red-head next week, thinks colored rinses are the best invention since Eve. Her make-up is never haphazard and she might take hours to get the effect she wants. Not for

Duchess

her the pretty pastel look—the Duchess expects to turn heads wherever she goes. She never wears rouge, but would never go out without a powder compact because a shine isn't allowed. She owns a wardrobe of lipsticks, and she was one of the first to wear glittery eye-shadow to a party. Her eyes are painted as carefully as a picture.

She's a one-perfume woman, and she splashes it on so that it's become her signature (has her bath salts to match). If she's married, her husband's got a large bank account; and if she's single she's a very, very well-paid career girl.



Sophisticate

SHE'S the woman all women over 35 want to look like, and no one really knows her age because it doesn't show, or matter. She's at home in big cities anywhere, to be seen dining at the newer, smarter places. She's the woman with a wardrobe of pretty hats men remember fondly as "that bit of flowers and nonsense"; wears them with very simple, well-cut dresses and suits that make most other women look overdressed. She keeps her figure neat and well controlled. She's

studied her face honestly till she knows its faults and how it looks best; is never afraid to experiment. Her best look is pale and fragile. She cossets this pale look with all-over foundation and matching or even paler face powder. She wears paler, pinky-coral lipsticks to show up handsome eyes.

Her eyes are twice as bright, helped this way: a rim of dark blue shadow just above the lashes, smoothed into paler blue shadow which extends almost to her eyebrows. Her eyebrows are just stroked with brown to match her mascara. Her hair (brown, going grey) has a wonderful henna rinse. Her grandchildren think she's the "prettiest lady of all."



Any mouse can be a dazzling glamor girl

Young Married

SHE'S the nicest mother-of-two down her tree-lined suburban street and every man in the block is envious of her husband. She's got less time for glamor than any other girl, but, because of this, she's worked out a beauty routine that can be fitted in between getting family breakfast, driving the children to kindergarten, housework, and pruning the roses. She does it this way: first up she has a splash face-wash and adds dusting of powder, bright lipstick, and a neat Alice band round her hair. This means she's got three admiring males at breakfast time. She does washing-up, laundry, and house-

work in gloves and a protective cream to keep her hands in order. She skips nail varnish because it looks terrible if it chips, but she takes time to put on bright nails before a party. Because she makes sure to stretch and bend properly, her housework and gardening do her figure-minding for her. She can't always get near a hairdresser, so she gets a really good haircut and asks her stylist to show her how to set it at home. Her make-up is simple, but she keeps her skin blooming with good care and always makes sure she has ten minutes in the afternoon to put on a pretty welcome-home face for her husband.

When the baby-sitter arrives and there's a big party ahead, she spends extra minutes putting on an extra pretty party face—pale-tinted foundation, maybe a touch of rouge, bright lipstick, and a gentle application of eyeshadow. In the dress she made herself her sons think she looks not bad when she kisses them good night, and she goes out on the arm of the proudest man in the street.



Country Girl

SHE'S the girl who's unbeatable in the wide open spaces, whether on horseback or speeding through the countryside in a zippy convertible. She has a suntan most of the year—even if it comes out of her foundation jar in winter. She uses a bright clear red lipstick, keeps her hair simple and breezy, saves eyeshadow for special evenings, and her favorite perfume is woody or tweedy. She always looks healthy, does enough normal exercise to keep her figure trim, looks marvellous in trousers.

She never feels right in party pretties, wears instead paisley wool shirt-dresses with lots of beads for informal winter nights and the same formula in bright silks for summer. She is every man's favorite outdoor companion.



Siren

SHE'S the glamor girl who cuts a dazzle wherever she goes, and at a big, splashy party she makes every other woman feel like little Orphan Annie. She's got long hair, long eyelashes, a wardrobe of eyeshadows, and a long, gold cigarette-holder. She's got a slim, dazzling figure (if it isn't hers by nature she gets it by diet, exercise), and she's concentrating on her legs this season so they'll be in great shape for all the short chemises. For this she's started collecting some eye-stopping shoes, has made a pair of slender-heeled red leather pumps her winter trademark. She considers her red dress as basic as a black, but couldn't live without several little black after-five dresses and has just got herself a black tulle wig hat for parties.

Her make-up is quietly sensational—lots of eye make-up so her eyes look enormous, and claret-red lipstick outlining a very new Cupid's bow. She's understated; she can afford to be.



White-Collar Girl

SHE'S the perfect secretary, the girl all office juniors hope they'll look like, the girl the boss likes to see neat and efficient at her desk every morning. She couldn't get through spring without a navy-blue suit, owns two dozen blouses, and has a drawerful of white gloves. She's always so spic and span that her one hazard is looking too efficient and unromantic after office hours. She could improve her after-hours look a lot if she learnt to be a little less cautious.

The boss might frown on eye make-up, but there's no one to disapprove at home; her neat hairdo can easily be brushed out into looser waves and bangs for a glamor effect. And this might just bring the eligible junior executive to heel.

If you're always
Irritable...



your Nerves need **Sanatogen**

If you are easily irritated and always worried, when your nerves are bad and you're continually tired, it's a sign that your body and nerve cells are not getting enough of the essential nutrients, particularly protein and phosphorus.

This "malnutrition" of the nerve cells is the basic cause of nervous exhaustion. It leads inevitably to a run-down condition with all the symptoms of depression, worry and irritability.

SEDATIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH. It isn't enough to try "calming" your nerves with sedatives. Sedatives merely "dope" the nerves; and their action is only temporary. What your body and nerve cells need if you are run down, over-fatigued, depressed

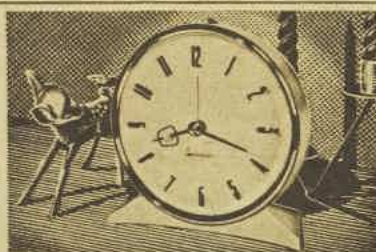
and worried, is concentrated protein combined with essential phosphorus. Sanatogen provides both. A course of Sanatogen nourishes your physical and nervous system back to full health.

THERE IS NO OVER-NIGHT CURE. Just as nerve tension develops gradually, so must your system be nursed gradually back to health. But from the first day you take Sanatogen, your body will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. From then on you will feel a progressive lightening of your mental load. You will find it easier to relax and you will feel calm and unworried in your daily life. Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over, and is available from all chemists.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

* Sanatogen supplies large amounts of protein together with essential phosphorus. Its vigorous tonic action on both body and nervous tissue helps to build up a strong stable nervous system and restore full mental energy.



Another new Westclox... "LARK"



up to time... up to date... with the "Lark." Modern white case with pearlescent dial and three-dimensional gold-faced numerals make this the perfect gift clock. Its quiet tick gives no hint of its capacity to wake you. Spot luminous hands and numerals. Ask to see the complete Westclox range.

If you want to know the time... ask a

WESTCLOX

Westclox tell the world the time... fully guaranteed for 12 months.
SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS: BROWN & DUREAU LTD., All States.

HUGHES

Orlon
EQUIVALENT 3 PLY

can be knitted to a standard Hughes Crochet knitting pattern.

3/11
per ball

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

MY husband and I, like many parents, frequently complained of the selfishness of our children. Yet, when their Dad arrived home from work recently to report that his job had folded up and that he would be joining the growing ranks of unemployed in our town, they rallied to a man. Eldest, after a few sympathetic questions, offered his bank account of £24. Younger son disappeared without a word, only to return to hand me six crisp notes—his secret hoard towards a new bike. Little Miss, understanding none of this but inspired by her brothers' example, proffered her piggy bank, which yielded the princely sum of tenpence halfpenny. Could it be that children are only selfish because their parents give them little chance to be otherwise?

£1/1/- to "Bless Them" (name supplied), Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

I THINK it is most necessary for a change in our telephone books. The "urgent" numbers which appear on the first page should be reprinted in the middle of the book, preferably on a pink page, for quick reference. In many public boxes and in homes where there are small children the first page is often torn out and lost. A second list, well protected, would assure they were always on hand when needed.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Andrews, Tower St., Ascot, Qld.

I HAVE repeatedly noticed parents chastise their children by smacking their faces. I feel sorry to see a hard hand applied to a baby's face and to hear the sharp cry. I prefer to smack the other end—that cannot do any harm. Perhaps parents don't know how they can damage a child's hearing by these face-smacks.

10/6 to Mrs. Estelle MacRae, 5 Essex St., Prahran, Vic.

DON'T you think it's time people who have donated their eyes to be used on their death for some blind person should be given a small brooch to wear always? I have perfect sight, and at 67 wear glasses only for close reading. But in case of accident how would doctors know that my request to give these eyes to the blind is in my will if I were unable to tell them myself?

10/6 to Margaret Lynam, c/o 20 Byrne St., Windsor, Qld.

IN three shops I have been in this week I was struck by the rudeness shown to children by the person serving behind the counter. Every customer, child or adult, should be served in turn. To ignore the small customers is setting them a bad example in manners.

10/6 to Mrs. C. G. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

IN the event of a pensioner meeting with an accident or any other misfortune, why is it always reported that he is a pensioner? Surely this is a private matter?

10/6 to Mrs. D. G. Miller, "Riverville," Donnybrook, W.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I WONDER how many people write "Yours sincerely" to a letter without giving it a thought? Perhaps to a letter which is far from sincere. Let us all think if we have been sincere before signing ourselves as such in future.

10/6 to Miss Myrtle Wilson, "Ayrhill," Beaconsfield, Vic.

I AM a teenager of 14 and I have one pet aversion. I'm sure many other girls feel the same way. Why can't young men keep their shoes clean and shiny? It makes them look as if they have at least a little pride in themselves. Most boys like to make girls think they have money, but when they look as if they can't afford a tin of boot polish it makes me look the other way.

10/6 to Frances Stocker, 14 Chapman Ave., Beecroft, N.S.W.

A case for nurses

MRS. NANCY TURNER (25/5/58) thinks that nurses should come under the same system as schoolteachers and go where they are sent. In that case, teachers should have weekend work, be on call at any hour, and sometimes have to work 12 or 16 hours a day. Nurses get one month holiday a year. Schoolteachers should have the same.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Middling, Bendigo, Vic.

Family affairs

AS I am a great lover of books, it worried me when

I noticed how my younger brothers and sisters maltreated them. Scolding did no good. Now that I've become a librarian for a few minutes each night the books are in almost perfect condition. I enter each child's name and the book he is taking out. We set a limit of three days, and if any books are returned torn a fee of sixpence is imposed on the culprit. This money, which is now very little, is put aside to buy more books. With this scheme the children are learning to love and respect books at an early age.

£1/1/- to "Sister Sue" (name supplied), Teneriffe, Qld.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

OFFERING your seat to a lady in the train presents problems.

It was simple enough when I was younger. I used to give up my seat then to women of all ages.

I was particularly gallant if they were young and good-looking. Sometimes I would trip and fall over in my eagerness.

But if I stand up for young ones now they look doubtful, as if thinking: "I wonder whether I ought to take a seat from this middle-aged coot." Or they are cool and defensive, as if to say: "I'm on to your game, you cradle-snatcher."

Anyway, it is silly to pretend that a robust young woman, who is probably an Olympic hurdler, needs to get the weight off her feet more than I do.

So I practise a modified, cut-rate line of chivalry.

I stand up for women in my age-group or over; also for those who are lame or carrying babies.

Sometimes the borderline cases are tricky.

It would be easier if you could

CHIVALRY (B GRADE)

ask straight out: "Excuse me, madam, would you mind telling me your age? And I would like to know whether you have had a very tiring day."

As it is, I may have to stare at a woman thoughtfully for some time before deciding what to do.



The other evening I had a seat in the Sardine Special—an unusual privilege.

I looked warily over my newspaper at the standees, but there was not a woman in range. It seemed to be my lucky night.

Then a silver-haired old lady got in.

I stood up, forced my way out between some knobby knees, and offered her my seat.

"No, thank you," she said briskly. "I'm only going a couple of stations."

These spry old ladies who won't accept seats are very irritating. They make you feel silly.

I sat down again, but without my noticing another woman had joined the standees.

A grim matron sitting opposite gave me a glare that meant: "You selfish hound!"

I looked at the standing woman, trying to estimate her age and stamina. There was no escaping it—she was in poorer shape than I was.

I got up gloomily and gave her my seat.

Another seat fell vacant at the next station. I had to let it go to a young lady with the physique of a champion swimmer.

But at least girls don't stand up and offer me a seat yet. That, I suppose, is the time to start worrying.

An intriguing
short story
**BY JAMES
WORKMAN**



He sipped his coffee and didn't even look up, in spite of her surprising confession.

THE RELUCTANT SHADOW

THE day was grey. Mary Pritchard was grey. Grey inside, though the red hat she wore had an air of bravery about it.

She paid the taxi-driver. She had been watching the meter and knew the fare, and she paid it and ran into the station.

The station was grey—a deeper grey. As she hurried in she looked this way and that, though she was perfectly aware where the great, heavy, four-sided clock hung.

And then, after all her hurry, she stood. Just stood. Far enough away from the clock not to look as though she had arranged to meet anybody there, yet near enough to move forward to meet the man she had arranged to meet.

The station, because Mary was under a tremendous emotional strain, looked to her unreal. The grey men and the pale women, passing her on all sides, didn't seem to notice her.

Mary felt forlorn, because she was not only a pretty girl but a striking one as well. And pretty girls don't like to be ignored. Not altogether.

However, there was one man. Mary, managing to ignore him completely, summed him up as the quiet sort. The quiet sort of man who would probably smile slowly and be great fun—once you got to know him.

Mary wasn't the sort of girl who picked men up. She wasn't even the sort who wanted to get to know men because they interested her. But right at this moment Mary needed a friend. Preferably male, obviously the quiet sort. The slow smile and the great fun part didn't matter—but it would be a help.

The man stood. He was obviously waiting. Mary stood; she wished she wasn't obviously waiting.

A train came in. The engine whooshed steam, then hiccupped. It seemed to be preoccupied and sullen about the whole thing.

Water over a spillway, white faces poured side-

ways out of the carriages. Then they formed into a rivulet and poured towards the gates. Swirled for a moment at the ticket-collector's gate. Passed through, fanned out. Passed her without a glance—except for one small boy who nearly fell over his feet looking at her. His mother jerked his arm, rather like a sailor throwing a rope, and even the small boy had gone.

The man was still there.

Mary felt cold; not the cold you usually feel, but the cold you feel when your blood is in your hands and feet and your middle is water.

She knew she was going to speak to the man. She had to speak to him. She gathered her breath and moved quite a way towards the man before she discovered her feet hadn't moved at all. Then she gave up the whole idea, and was quite surprised to find her feet were taking her to him, anyway.

She opened her mouth and was about to speak, but just at that moment the engine shrieked. She turned to see the engine backing away. The buffers looked like two hands raised in horror, and the effect was of an outraged matron in black recoiling from the whole hideous business.

The train flaunted its yellow-jewelled tail and disappeared, apparently sideways, into a big Victorian structure beyond the terminus.

Mary felt, coldly, that everybody in the station was looking at her with extreme disapproval. Nobody was, but she felt it strongly all the same. She got into quite a panic about it, until she realised another engine at another platform was huffily chuffing to itself, "Her! Her!"

She pulled herself together and found she was speaking to the man quite normally.

"I wonder if you'd mind helping me?"

The man looked startled, in a nice, polite sort of way.

"Certainly! Er . . ." She could see he was trying not to put any double-meaning

To page 37

SYLVESTER

Conclusion of our serial

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

By Georgette Meyer



it's
delicious!
it's
a delight!

Make it to-night... creamy RICE PUDDING

so easy with

NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK!

- INGREDIENTS:** 3 rounded tablespoons rice, 1 cup Nestlé's Condensed Milk, 1 cup water, pinch of salt, vanilla or other flavouring, 2 teaspoons butter, pinch grated nutmeg, 2 eggs.
1. First step—Put the rice, well washed, into a buttered pie dish. Then simply add and mix all the other ingredients. Sprinkle a little nutmeg on top and leave to bake in a slow oven for 1½ to 2 hours.
 2. Here it is! Really rich and creamy. Served hot or cold the whole family will love it—and there's enough for 4 to 6



**NESTLÉ'S
SWEETENED CONDENSED
MILK**

NM 97-20



"—and next time, remember, Lipton Tea!
D'ye get it? LIPTON'S!"

Lipton's know tea because Lipton's grow tea

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

SYLVESTER'S voice, ripping across the room, checked the infuriated dandy as he started up menacingly from his chair. Sylvester came quickly forward, and Edmund, though he had stood his ground, breathed more easily. "You dare!" Sylvester said through his teeth.

"I was only going to give him a shake," said Sir Nugent sulkily. "I'm his stepfather, ain't I?"

Sylvester uttered a short, contemptuous laugh and looked down at Edmund. "Give me those tassels, brat, and be off to bed!"

Edmund relinquished them, but said dolefully: "I thought you wouldn't be angry any more if I said I was sorry!"

"I'm not angry," Sylvester said, tickling his cheek with one careless finger. "Word of a Rayne! Goodnight, you imp! Don't keep Miss Marlow waiting!"

"You're not angry!" exploded Sir Nugent. "It's a wonder you don't reward the young viper!"

"I may yet," replied Sylvester coolly. "He has done what I could not: given you your own again! When you kidnapped that boy, Fotherby, you knew yourself safe from me, because I would not publish my affairs to the world! I doubt if anything I could have done would have caused you so much anguish as Edmund has made you suffer! Bless him, he's full of pluck. How his father would have laughed!"

"I have a good mind to call you out! Upon my soul I have!" Sir Nugent threatened.

"I don't think you have!" Sylvester tossed at him. "I am accounted a fair shot, my hero!"

"I fancy," said Sir Nugent, fulminating, "that Nugent Fotherby is as game a man as ever lived! I fancy, if you were to ask anyone, that would be the answer. The thing is her la'ship wouldn't like it. Must cherish her! But if she thinks I'm going to take that changeling of hers along with us—"

The very thought of Edmund seemed to choke him, for he broke off, his choler mounting again, snatched up the tassels, which Sylvester had dropped disdainfully on the table, and stormed out of the room.

Tom could not but feel that Edmund's confession had still further complicated matters; for the Poisson Rouge now seemed hardly big enough to hold both Sylvester and Sir Nugent. But Edmund's villainy was soon found to have exercised a good effect. Ianthe, when the story was poured into her ears, said that Edmund must be punished. Sir Nugent told her bitterly that Sylvester would not allow it. So the secret of Sylvester's arrival was out.

Ianthe fell back on her pillows with a shriek; but Sir Nugent, forgetting his marriage vows, informed her (smiting her dressing-table with his clenched fist so that all the gold-topped bottles on it jumped) that she might there and then choose between him and her hell-born brat. This show of violence quite overawed her. Her protests, though maintained tearfully, began to lack conviction; and when Sylvester, taking the law into his own hands, knocked on her door and entered the room hard upon his knock, his reception was less daunting than might have been expected.

He was certainly greeted with reproaches, but these were largely directed against his having encouraged Edmund to behave badly. As she blamed him for not having punished Edmund, her subsequent declaration that nothing would induce her to abandon her child to his unkindness sounded lame even in his own ears. She then burst into tears, and said that no one had any consideration for nerves.

This outbreak of lamentation brought Phoebe into the room, to beg her to restrain herself for Edmund's sake. "I am persuaded you cannot wish to distress him!" she said. "Only think how disturbing for such a little boy to hear his mama crying!"

"You are as heartless as Sylvester!" wept Ianthe. "None of you cares for my sufferings!"

"Not I, certainly," said Sylvester.

"Oh!" gasped Ianthe, bouncing up in her bed. Indignation brought her sobs to an abrupt end, an angry flush reddening her cheeks, and her lovely eyes darted fire at Sylvester.

"Not the snap of my fingers!" said Sylvester. "You see, I am quite honest with you, Ianthe. And before you resume this affecting display of sensibility listen to what I have to say to you! It has pleased you to remember for four years a foolish thing I once said to you. You have cast it in my teeth so often that you have come to believe I meant it. No, don't turn away your head! Look me in the face and answer me! Do you think that I could treat with unkindness all that I have left to me of Harry?"

She said sulkily, picking at her handkerchief: "I am sure I never thought you cared so much for Harry! You didn't shed a tear when he died!" She stopped, frightened by the expression on his face.

It was a moment before he spoke. Watching him, Phoebe saw that he was very pale, his satyr-look pronounced, his lips tightly compressed. When he unclosed them it was to say in a curt voice: "When Harry died—I lost a part of myself. We will not discuss that. I have only this to add: you are Edmund's mother, and you may visit him whenever you choose to do so. I have told you so many times already, but

I'll repeat it. Come to Chance when you please—with or without your husband!"

Sir Nugent, who had been listening intently, exclaimed as the door shut behind Sylvester: "Well, upon my soul, that's devilish handsome of him! Now, you must own, my love, it is devilish handsome. Damme if I ever thought he'd invite me to Chance! The fact is I had a notion he didn't like me above half. I shall go, I think."

"I don't say it won't be a dead bore; no fun and gig, and the company pretty stiff-rumped, I dare say. But visiting at Chance, you know! I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll invite him to drink a glass of wine with me! No, by Jove, I'll invite him to dine with me! Do you think I should change my dress, my love? No! Might put him out of countenance. I shall put on a fresh neckcloth; that will exactly answer the purpose!"

Full of these amiable plans he hurried from the room. Ianthe dissolved again into tears, but showed signs of recovering her spirits when Phoebe assured her she would take every care of Edmund upon the journey back to London.

"Oh, dear Miss Marlow, were it not for your going I could not consent to his being taken from me!" Ianthe said, clasping Phoebe's hand. "I am sure you will care for him as well as I could myself! And if anyone is so unjust as to say that I deserted my child you know it is untrue!"

"If anyone should say such a thing to me I shall reply that he was torn from your arms," promised Phoebe. "Excuse me! I must go back to him, and blow out his candle."

But when she reached the bedchamber she shared with Edmund she checked on the threshold, for Sylvester was sitting on the edge of Edmund's crib. He got up at once, saying with constraint: "I beg your pardon! I should not be here, but Edmund called to me."

"Of course! It's of no consequence!" she said, in a more friendly tone than she had yet used to him.

"Phoebe, Uncle Vester says my papa would have cut off one tassel, and he would have cut off the other!" Edmund told her, his eyes sparkling.

She could not help laughing. "I wonder how he would like it if you cut the tassels from his boots!"

"Ah, I have explained to him that it is a thing which must on no account be done to uncles!" Sylvester said. He ruffled Edmund's curls. "Goodnight, vile brat!"

"You won't go away?" Edmund said, assailed by a sudden fear.

"Not without you."

"And Phoebe? And Tom?"

"Yes, they will both come with us."

"Good!" said Edmund, releasing his clutch on Sylvester's coat. "I dare say we shall be as merry as grigs!"

The party reached Calais two days later, having broken the journey at Etaples, where they stayed in what Sylvester unequivocally described as the worst hostelry ever to have enjoyed his patronage.

Sylvester's temper had been ruffled at the outset, for not even the pledging of Phoebe's little pearl brooch as well as his own watch and chain provided him with enough money to enable him to travel in the style to which he was accustomed. He was extremely vexed with Tom for suddenly producing the brooch in the pawnbroker's shop, which piece of folly, he said, would now make it necessary for him to send one of his people over to France to redeem it.

He disliked haggling over the worth of his watch; he disliked still more to be in any way beholden to Phoebe; and he emerged from this degrading experience in anything but a sunny humor. He then discovered that the hire of two post-chaises and four would result in the whole party's being stranded half-way between Abbeville and Calais, and was obliged to make up his mind which of two evils was likely to prove the lesser: to cram four persons, one of whom was a small boy subject to travel sickness, into one chaise and four; or to hire two chaises, and drive for well over a hundred and twenty kilometres behind a single pair of horses.

The reflection that Edmund, before he succumbed to his malaise, would fidget and ask incessant questions decided the matter; he hired two chaises, and in so doing made the discovery that Mr. Rayne, a man of modest means, did not meet with the deference accorded to His Grace of Salford. The post-master was not uncivil; he was uninterested. Sylvester, accustomed his whole life long to dealing with persons who were all anxiety to please him, suffered a slight shock. Until he had landed at Calais he had never made a journey in a hired vehicle. He had thought poorly of the chaise supplied by the Lion d'Argent; the two allotted to him in Abbeville filled his fastidious soul with disgust. They were certainly rather dirty.

"Why hasn't this carriage got four horses?" demanded Edmund.

"Because it only has two!" replied Sylvester.

"Couple o' bone-setters!" said Edmund disparagingly.

They were found to be plodders; nor, when the first change was made, was there much improvement in the pace at which the ground was covered. There was a world of difference between a team and a pair, as Phoebe soon discovered. The



journey seemed interminable; and, although the more sober pace seemed to affect Edmund less than the swaying of a well-sprung chaise drawn by four fast horses, he soon grew bored, a state of mind which made him an even more wearing companion than when he was sick.

She could only be thankful when, at Etaples, Sylvester, after one look at her, said they would go no farther that day. She desired nothing so much as her bed; but to her suggestion that some soup might be sent up to her room, Sylvester returned a decided: "Certainly not! Neither you nor Edmund ate any luncheon, and if you are not hungry now you should be." He gave her one of his searching looks, and added: "I dare say you will like to rest before you dine, Miss Marlow. Edmund may stay with me."

She was led upstairs by the boots to a room overlooking a courtyard; and, having taken off her dress and hung it up, in the hope that the worst of its creases might disappear, she lay down on the bed and closed her eyes. The suspicion of a headache nagged at her, but she soon discovered that there was little chance of being able to rid herself of it. To judge by the noises that came from beneath her window, the kitchens had access on to the yard, and were inhabited by a set of persons who seemed all to be quarrelling, and hurling pots and pans about.

Just as she was about to leave her room again, Tom came to see how she did. He was carrying a glass of wine, which he handed to her, saying that Salford had sent it. "He says you are done-up. And I must say," added Tom critically, "you do look haggard!"

Having studied her reflection in the spotted looking-glass, she was well aware of this, and it did nothing to improve her spirits. She sipped the wine, hoping that it might lessen her depression.

"What a racket these Frenchies make!" observed Tom, looking out of the window. "Salford cut up stiff when he found this room gave on to the yard, but ours is directly above the taproom, and that wouldn't have done for you at all. There seems to be a fair going on; the town's packed, and no room to be had anywhere."

"Have you to share a room with Salford? He won't like that!"

"Oh, that ain't what's making him ride grub!" said Tom cheerfully. "He don't care for the company, and he ain't accustomed to being told by waiters that he shall be served soon! I left him coming the duke in the coffee-room, to get us one of the small tables to ourselves. He'll do it, too. The waiter was beginning to bow and wash his hands—and all for no more than his grace's high-bred air and winning smile!"

They found, on descending to the coffee-room, that Sylvester had indeed procured a small table near the door, and was awaiting them there, with Edmund, who was seated on an eminence composed of two large books placed on his chair. Edmund was looking particularly angelic and was exciting a good deal of admiration.

"A little more of this sort of thing," said Sylvester in an undertone, as he pushed Phoebe's chair in for her, "and his character would be ruined!"

"Except that he doesn't care for it," she agreed.

"No, I'm glad to see. I have ordered what I hope you will like, Miss Marlow, but there is very little choice. What we should call an ordinary, at home."

He turned to speak to a harried waiter, and Edmund, apparently reconciled to the French language by his uncle's fluency, suddenly announced that he, too, could talk French.

"Oh, what a bouncer!" said Tom. "What can you say?"

"I can say words," replied Edmund. "I can say 'bon-jour' and 'petit chou' and—"

But at this point he lost interest, the waiter having dumped in front of him the dish of his careful choice.

The dinner was good, and, although the service was slow, the meal might have passed without untoward incident had Edmund not been inspired to favor the assembled company with a further example of his proficiency in the French tongue. An enormously fat woman seated at the end of the table that ran down the centre of the room, after incurring his displeasure by nodding and smiling at him every time he looked up from his plate, was so ravished by his beauty that when she passed his chair on her way out of the coffee-room she not only complimented Phoebe on his seraphic countenance but was unable to resist the temptation of swooping down upon him and planting a smacking kiss on his cheek. "Petit chou!" she said, beaming at him.

"Salade!" returned Edmund indignantly.

For this he was instantly condemned to silence, but when Sylvester, after explaining to the shocked lady that Edmund had picked the word up without an idea of its meaning, offering her his apologies, and enduring the hearty amusement of all those within earshot, sat down again and directed a look at his erring nephew that boded no good to him, Phoebe took up the cudgels in Edmund's defence, saying: "It's unjust to scold him! He doesn't know what it means! He must have heard someone say it at the Poisson Rouge when he was in the kitchen."

"Madame says it to Elise," said Edmund enigmatically.

"Well, it isn't a very civil thing to say, my dear," Phoebe told him in gentle reproof.

"I didn't think it was," said Edmund in a satisfied voice.

"It seems to me an extraordinary thing that he should have been allowed to keep kitchen company," said Sylvester. "I should have supposed that among the four of you—"

"Yes, and it has often seemed extraordinary to me that among I know not how many people he should have been allowed to keep stable company!" flared Phoebe.

This was so entirely unanswerable that silence reigned until Tom, to relieve the tension, asked Sylvester some question about the next day's journey. As soon as they left the coffee-room Phoebe took Edmund up to bed, bidding Sylvester a chilly goodnight, and Tom a very warm one.

In confusion Phoebe broke off her conversation with the Duchess when Sylvester suddenly appeared at the doorway.

At breakfast on the following morning punctilious civility reigned, Sylvester addressing suave remarks to Phoebe, and Phoebe replying to them with formal courtesies.

But formality deserted Phoebe abruptly when she discovered that instead of Edmund she was to have Tom for her travelling companion. She said at once: "No, no! Please leave Edmund with me! It was to take care of him that I came with you, Duke, and I assure you I am very happy to do so!"

"You are very good, ma'am, but I will take him today," he replied.

"But why?" she demanded.

He hesitated, and then he said: "I wish it."

It was spoken in his indifferent voice. She read in it a reflection on her management of Edmund, arising possibly from his overnight solecism, and turned away that Sylvester might not have the satisfaction of seeing how mortified she was. When she next glanced at him she found that he was watching her, she thought with a shade of anxiety in his rather hard eyes. He moved towards her and said: "What did I say to distress you? I had no such intention!"

She put up her brows. "Distress me? Oh, no!"

"I am taking Edmund with me because I am persuaded you have the headache," he said bluntly.

It was true, but she disclaimed, begging him to let Edmund go with her. His thought for her disarmed her utterly; her constraint vanished; and when she raised her eyes to his face, they were shyly smiling. He looked down at her for a moment, and then said almost brusquely, as he turned away: "No. Don't argue! My mind is made up!"

By the time Calais was reached her headache had become severe, a circumstance to which she attributed her increasingly low spirits. Edmund, when he heard of it, disclosed that Uncle Vester had the headache, too.

"I?" exclaimed Sylvester. "I've never had a headache in my life, brat!"

"Oh!" said Edmund, adding with a confiding smile: "Just a bit cagged-like!"

The inn which housed them that night, though a modest establishment in the unfashionable quarter of the town, was both quiet and comfortable. A tisane, followed by a night's undisturbed sleep, cured Phoebe's headache. Her spirits, however, remained low, but as she opened her eyes to see wet window-panes and a sky of a uniform grey, was this perhaps not to be wondered at?

"We are in for an intolerably tedious crossing," Sylvester said when he joined the rest of the party at breakfast. "There is very little wind — which has this advantage, I suppose,

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HOLIDAY LOVE

A short
short story
By PAL
CLEARY

*"I'd almost forgotten how much
I'd told you about myself," Dell
said with a laugh.*

DELL drove around to his cabin in her little convertible about three o'clock. His luggage and golf gear were piled on the verandah.

"Stan?" she called.
"That's me," said Stan. He came out and stowed his belongings in the boot of the car and settled himself beside her. "It's nice of you to drive me into town to the train," he said.

"What's fifteen miles between cobs?" said Dell.

They passed under the rustic arch that said Pine Tree Motel. Stan sighed. "Two weeks gone for another year."

"Mine's up on Wednesday," said Dell. "Day after tomorrow."

"That's right."
She smiled. "It didn't take us long to get acquainted."

"Why should it, when you've only got two weeks? First thing you know, it's gone."

"Yes," said Dell. "It's gone! Gone!"

The road was a bright chalk-line, the mountains cool and clean on either side.

"Gosh, I hate to leave!" said Stan. "Boonari was never like this."

"Sydney, either," said Dell.

"If I'd been born bright instead of handsome I'd never have been an accountant. I'd be living right in this valley as a ranger or a hermit with a pack of dogs, and I wouldn't go anything in my spare time but fish."

"You taught me to fish," said Dell, and she laughed. "Me, Della McIntosh! Will you think about that sometimes, Stan, when you're in Boonari and I'm in Sydney?"

"Yeah," said Stan. The little clock on the dashboard had stopped. "Not very close, are they?" he said. "Boonari and Sydney, I mean."

"No," said Dell. "That's the trouble with miles. They're such a long way from each other."

They were passing a long, low building.

"There's the dance hall," said Stan. "Good grief, but you could dance, madam!"

"A lot depends on whom you're dancing with," said Dell. "An awful lot."

"Don't give me that! I think we both frankly discussed the resemblance of my feet to boats."

"Nice boats," smiled Dell.

"Thanks, baby," said Stan.

They drove by a weather-beaten farm. A little boy about five leaned against the fence, watching them out of pure eyes. Dell waved and he waved back.

"His face, Stan," murmured Dell. "Like a cameo. And that cowlick. His father probably has a cowlick."

Stan grinned. "Oh, yes. Undoubtedly his grandfather has one, too."

"He's so sweet, so warm," said Dell. "So much a part of love. You can tell that, Stan. His mother and father must love each other terribly."

"These mountain people go around together for years before they get married. That way they're darn sure of everything."

"Not like holiday love," said Dell.

"No," said Stan. "No."

"Of course not," said Dell quietly.

They climbed a little hill, and the tall pines were spread out ahead of them, darkly, deeply, beautifully green. "Half-way, Stan," said Dell. "Eight miles. It's been wonderful, hasn't it?"

"It's still wonderful, baby," said Stan. "We're not there yet."

Dell turned her head to look at the hills. "This will all come back

to me when I'm sitting on the 8.30 every morning. When I'm lonely."

She was very lovely in her simple dress, with her blond hair streaming back from her small face.

"Lonely?" said Stan. "You? Ha!"

After an instant she laughed. "I'd almost forgotten how much I'd told you about myself. You're right. Why should I ever be alone? I've got a good job, I've got friends, beaus. I can go sailing on the harbor, or to the theatre, or dancing, or to tennis. The round, full life of Della McIntosh. I can't think of another thing I could ask for, can you, Stan?"

"Not one solitary thing," said Stan.

"And you, Stan? What do you do in Boonari on, say, Saturday night? Where do you take your girls?"

"Oh, around! A show, a dance. Whatever's doing."

"Have you found a girl who's become a Saturday habit yet? I mean one whom it's hard to say goodbye to for even a week?"

"Not yet," said Stan.

"Give you time."

"A lot of time," said Stan.

She nodded, bright eyed. "You can't hurry love, can you?"

"Nope," said Stan.

"It doesn't just come, like that. It has to grow."

"When you've learned that, you've learned something," said Stan. "It took me quite a while. I told you about Marge, and June."

"Marge was the one you fell for when you were at that place near Southport."

"And did I fall?" said Stan. "A week after I got home I had the ring bought; a week after that I was in Newcastle, where she lived. I knocked on the door. Her husband opened it."

"You told me," said Dell softly.

"And June," said Stan. "I met her; I couldn't see anything but her for three solid weeks. Or she me. When it came time to pack up and say goodbye, there wasn't anything for either of us. On the train going home I couldn't even remember what she looked like. I was scared."

"Holiday love," said Dell.

"That was it, baby," said Stan.

"I've gone through a few of those myself," said Dell. "Quite a few. You get immune, though, after a while. You can have a wonderful time with someone for two weeks, and when it's over nobody's hurt."

"You can go back to Boonari or Sydney or wherever it is," said Stan, "and there's nothing to cry about."

The pine reservation gave way to an endless stand of gums. Regal trees reaching for the sunlight.

"Stan," said Dell.

"I remember," said Dell quietly, "we kissed here for the first time, right by these trees."

"You had on a blue dress. I felt as though I'd never really kissed anyone until I kissed you."

"I felt as though I'd never been kissed until you kissed me."

"Yes."

"I used to go back to my cabin every night and all I could think was Stan, Stan, Stan. It got so even the walls used to whisper your name to me."

"Did they?" said Stan. He lit two cigarettes and the flame wavered.

"Here, baby."

"Thanks," said Dell. "You can keep your arm across the back of my shoulder, Stan. It's not going to hurt anything with only a few minutes between us and goodbye, is it, old friend?"

Stan smiled. "No—old friend."

"It's been fun, hasn't it, Stan? Can I say that, Stan, now that we're

only a mile from the station?"

"You can say anything you want to, baby."

"We're a lot alike, Stan."

"Yes."

"We think alike. Even to things like love."

"That's because we've both been hurt."

"We can't afford to be hurt again. After a while the bleeding doesn't stop."

"The older you get," said Stan.

They reached the edge of town and went through it to the railway station. Dell waited while Stan bought his ticket.

"You'll have to cross the tracks to the platform on the other side," said the ticket-seller. "Train's due."

They walked outside.

"Dell," said Stan gently.

"Yes."

"Goodbye. I can't tell you how it's been."

"I know," said Dell. "For me, too."

"Here comes the train. I'll go across. Don't wait, Dell."

"All right," said Dell. "Stan—goodbye."

The train came between them and stood quietly for a moment and rolled on again. And the people on the train saw a small, blond-haired girl searching each window as it passed, slowly at first and then frantically, with one hand pressed to her mouth and her eyes brilliant with tears. Then the last carriage swept by and there was silence.

She shivered in the bright, hot sun and turned blindly to go; then stopped and stared, straight across the tracks to the other platform, where a young man with a dark brown face was standing, his luggage and golf gear piled around him. His eyes were on her.

After a long, incredulous moment they began to walk towards each other. Then they were running.

(Copyright)



A SON FOR M'LISSA

A complete short story by VICTOR CANNING

OVERHEAD the broad blades of the fan cut lazily through the hot night air. A lizard crouched on the verandah wall a few inches from Captain Wilson's foot. One beady eye was ruby-red in the faint light that came through the bamboo curtains of the lounge of the Colony Hotel. Wilson loosened the scarf at the throat of his shirt, and the movement sent the lizard darting away.

A woman came through the curtains and there was the tinkle of ice as she put a whisky glass on the table at Wilson's side. Without turning, he said: "Thank you, Rosa."

His hand came out and found the glass. He took a drink, staring down across the jumbled sweep of low white houses to the River Kuna. Lying in the river mouth, just off the West African port of Ekondo, the riding lights of two coasters showed brightly through the dark night.

"Brooding again? What's eating you now?"

In Rosa Powers' voice was a touch of affection. She was a woman in her forties, attractive, a little plump, dark-haired, with gentle eyes and a firm mouth. Looking at Captain Wilson now, her eyes were full of warmth, but the mouth was set, ready to scold.

She loved him, was still a widow after ten years, because he was the only man she wanted to marry, but she easily lost her patience with him. He was sitting there now, a big, sprawling man, a few years older than herself; but for her there were times when he seemed no more than a quick-tempered, undisciplined schoolboy.

"What has the world done to you this time?" she asked teasingly, and sat on the edge of the verandah.

His head came round and he gave her a grin.

"The world?" He rubbed his chin. "Not the world but Borami. Borami." He made the word explode. "The West African colony of Borami . . . soon to be an independent State within the Commonwealth. It's like giving a bunch of children the London Stock Exchange to run. No sense, no idea of responsibility, tell 'em something and it's in one ear and out the other . . . One minute they laugh and the next they cry—"

"And you love them," she said firmly. "You love them as much as you love the country. What's the real trouble?"

"I've got a cargo of cotton goods to take up to Tandeko. Leave tomorrow morning, and that blasted boy of mine has walked off. Can't make the trip, wants to stay here in Ekondo for the celebrations. I told him what I thought of him."

"I can imagine you did. You always tell people what you think of them. Up you go like a rocket. You've had ten boys in as many months. And you're still surprised you can't keep one."

"Well, I've got to get one for tomorrow."

"You'll be lucky."

"What's wrong with me?" He looked up at her, his square face pugnacious. "I pay them well. The food on the Claribelle is good."

"You frighten them," Rosa said. "You call them children. Well, children don't like to be shouted at. Oh, I know you don't mean half of it—but they don't know it. You know why you do it, don't you?"

"Oh—not that again!" he sighed.

"Yes, that again!" she insisted. "You don't really like being the captain of a broken-down river steamer. You don't really like living by yourself. You've got a chip on your shoulder because you've never been able to settle down. From the day you gave up being a medical student you've drifted around—"

"I know! I know! Sell the boat, marry you, and come into the hotel business. Well, I'll marry you tomorrow. We could sell the hotel, buy a modern steamer, and I could make a packet out of river work. This place is opening up. If you weren't so stubborn, you would see that."

"Stubborn!" Rosa stood up. "You're the stubborn one. You're a mule. You want me to shuttle about on a boat with you, or see you once every ten days between trips to Tandeko? No, thank you! When I marry I want a home, and a husband who's there most of the time."

"You call a hotel a home? Always full of other people? No privacy — you call that a life for a man? Making beds, carrying trays, dealing with complaints about the bath water, arguing with cheating native cooks!"

"You're impossible!" she said angrily. "All right, go and stew on the Claribelle. Go and rot on the river."

He laughed and put his hand on her arm. "Hey, don't take on so—"

"Now you've made me angry you think you can charm me out of it!" She twisted away from him. "Get back to your old boat!"

"Right," he said easily. "I will. I'll find a boy somewhere. We'll move off at eight. Be down at the jetty with your bag—"

"If you think I'm coming to Tandeko with you, you're wrong!" She felt herself more roused against him than she had ever been before.

He looked at her, surprised. "But you want to go up to Tandeko. We arranged it. I'll be there just in time for the big day when Borami becomes a State. Everyone will be there. The celebrations will be bigger than anything here in Ekondo."

"I'll go on the train!"

"But, Rosa . . ." He made a move towards her. Cries, he thought, women were difficult. "What on earth have I done or said? You know me. I didn't mean to make you angry."

Rosa's body shook with frustration. "I'm going on the train. And, what's more, I'm not going to hang around for years waiting for you to marry me. You'd better make up your mind and choose between me and a leaky old boat."

He looked at her for a moment, then shook his head, puzzled.

"All right, old girl, I'll think about it. Anyway, I'll see you in Tandeko—and in a better temper, I hope." For a moment his grin flashed at her, and then he turned and walked along the verandah and down the steps.

Rosa watched him go, not trusting herself to words, even a little surprised secretly at her own strength of feeling. But after ten years it was getting too much for her. She loved him and he loved her . . . If only he would see things her way; if only he weren't so pig-headed about his boat.

She heard him whistling unconcernedly to himself as he went down to the hotel garden, and the sound made her angry. Men! They had to have everything their own way.

Walking down to the port, Wilson was not really worried that Rosa wouldn't come with him. By the morning she would have cooled off and changed her mind. Just now and again she flared up like this. Had to expect it, of course. Stuck in that hotel, things got on her nerves from time to time.

Well, one day she'd come round and see things his way. At the moment his real worry was a boy for the Claribelle.

He had a big cargo of cotton goods aboard already, and a Greek merchant, Mendoris, was going to travel up with him to Tandeko, the capital of Borami.

Mendoris had a couple of native boys, but they were flashy, smart types, not the kind who would take easily to stoking and cutting wood. But if he didn't get a boy they would have to help. Do them good. Take the creases out of their cheap city suits.

As he turned on to the jetty, the warm, damp smell of the river came up to him. The Claribelle was lying alongside.

She was a crazy old tub, no getting away from that. Fifty if she was a day; wood-burning, single stack, and a wheel-house that looked like a sentry-box. He could just find enough room in it to sling a hammock.

There was plenty of life in her yet. With a new boat, though, he could cut two days off the five-day trip to Tandeko; quicker trips, more cargo, fatter profits. Rosa ought to be able to see that . . .

A figure sidled out of the shadows cast by a pile of wooden crates and stood respectfully in front of him. He was a native boy in his twenties, tall and very thin, with a large head that looked too heavy for his neck. He smiled and said: "Me M'LIssa, Captain. Make very good boat boy, cut wood, fetch and carry, very strong, very cheerful."

Wilson said nothing for a moment. M'LIssa wore cotton slacks and a singlet. He looked cheerful, all right, but not very strong. Still, he was in no position to pick and choose boys at the moment.

"Do you really want to work, or just to get up to Tandeko for the celebrations?" he growled. If M'LIssa was looking for an easy trip to Tandeko, he'd better put it out of his mind.

"Both, Captain. Born in Tandeko. M'LIssa go back for celebrations, but also work."

"All right. But you listen, M'LIssa. When I take on a boy, I expect him to work. No loafing about, no stealing. Be aboard at six tomorrow morning."

"Captain mind if M'LIssa sleep aboard tonight?"

"If you want to. You can have the after-hold. Plenty of room there."

"Thank you, Captain."

Wilson dropped aboard and M'LIssa followed him. Well, he'd found a boy—what there was of him.

It just showed there was no need ever to worry. Something always turned up.

M'LIssa disappeared aft and Wilson went forward. An awning had been rigged up in the bows for Mendoris and his two boys. The two boys were not there, but Mendoris was sitting on a roll of blankets smoking a cigar. He was a small, stocky man, his black hair greased back. He was wearing a linen suit.

He ducked his head at Wilson and said: "My boys are off in the town somewhere—but once I've got my stuff aboard I like to sleep with it. This country's full of thieves. Got yourself a boy, I see."

"He'll do!" said Wilson. "You're new to these parts, aren't you?"

Mendoris nodded. "Belgian Congo. But this is the coming place. Once these boys begin to run their own affairs there's

To page 31

As Wilson washed his hands in the bowl Berata held for him, he felt something metallic at the bottom.







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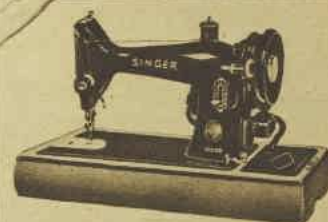
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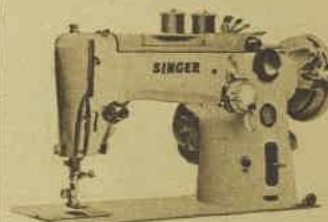
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By LOUISE HUNTER

I HAVE been going steady with a boy since last December. I am only 16, I will be 17 next February. He comes home to my place and my family think he is a very nice person. I go home to his place and I get on very well with his family. I have been for a holiday with him to his brother's place. He wants us to become engaged at Christmas or Easter. I am quite willing, but do you think this is too young to become engaged? I believe in long engagements, which is about one to two years. I would like your opinion, as well as that of my parents, who say I may become engaged, but are a bit uneasy about it.

"Waiting," Qld.

I think you're too young to become engaged. The fact that you have doubts about it makes me feel you are not ready to tie yourself up to a man for life, and you are taking the first formal step towards that if you become engaged.

Individual cases are different, but it is extremely rare to find a girl of 16 with sufficient experience to choose the man she believes she could be happy with for the rest of her life.

If you wait, you are much more likely to make a happy, lasting marriage. The latest figures from the office of the Commonwealth Statistician show that in the majority of divorces in Australia, the wife was married before she was 21.

EVER since I can remember, I have never made any decisions for myself. What I mean is, when I went to school my mother used to pick everything I got, shoes, dresses, etc.; it didn't matter if I didn't like them as long as Mum did. Please don't think I am ungrateful, as she was probably right, but I have left school for a few years now, and she and I haven't changed. I have tried to make my own decisions and learn to pick things for myself. I can't pick anything for my box unless Mum sees it and likes it, even if it is my own money. I still can't have a frock if she doesn't like it. When I get married I want to be able to make my own decisions and stand up for myself, not take everything like I do now. I think there is no time like the present to stand up for myself, but how can I? I want to do it in a way that Mum doesn't realise it is happening. It's not only my clothes she makes decisions about, it's everything. One thing that puzzles me is that I picked my own boyfriend and she likes him. But in a way she still makes my decisions there, too."

K.D., N.S.W.

You have a surprisingly mature outlook for one so young, and you're one up on your mother, because you know what she's doing, and I bet she doesn't dream that she is making your decisions and worrying you to such an extent. It's a rare mother who realises that her children grow up.

I don't think you can stand up for yourself in any concealed way. I think you've

A word from Debbie . . .

Only the most sophisticated and constant diner-out is quite at home with a French menu, but a few basic facts allow you to get by with poise in a big restaurant.

The menu is divided into two parts, one headed "à la carte," the other "table d'hôte." The table d'hôte is a set meal with a limited choice of dishes at a set price. The à la carte means that you can pick anything on the menu and that the bill will be considerably higher.

Which side you choose from depends on your relationship with your host, your knowledge of his finances, whether he's an old or a new friend. Generally you can depend on him to give you a lead. If he doesn't, ask him what he's going to have and choose from the same price level.

just got to say, "I don't like that duchesse set. I never could stand embroidered butterflies like the ones you dote on, Mum." She'll be surprised at first, but you'll just have to take a stand.

Mothers and daughters often go through a strained period in their relationship, and I think you're at this stage. I believe it straightens out quickly if both change their attitude and try to think of each other as friends.

There is an old saying, "God gave us our relatives, but thank God we can choose our friends." I'm sure you'll find you'll treat your mother better and understand her more if you think of her as a friend, and choose her as a friend as well as a mother.

Your mother would treat you more understandingly, too.

For instance, if you disagreed with a friend's taste, you'd just disagree and talk about something else, your friendship undamaged. As it is, when mothers' and daughters' tastes differ there is often an emotional flare-up and a first-class row.

And what does it matter if a mother's taste is different from her daughter's? It's more interesting that way.

I think your problem will straighten out quickly, because I believe that in really big issues you are sufficiently mature to make your own decisions and stick to them.

I HAVE been very worried because my periods have not come, and I am just 14. Most of the girls I know have had them and I feel that I am abnormal. Also, am I too young to go to mixed parties, as I go to very many and I often read of people saying that young girls should not."

P.D.H., N.S.W.

There is nothing abnormal about not having your periods when you are only just 14. In Australia periods start at any time between 11 and 16 years of age; some girls do not begin until even later.

I think you are far too young to go to "very many" mixed parties. An occasional one is all right, but you should be tucked up in bed most nights laying the foundation of your later health and beauty.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

WHEN I was in short pants a great musical scandal occurred. Some long-forgotten piano-player cut a pianola roll called "Ragging the Classics." It was considered a barbarous act to take themes from "good music" and jazz them up. Nowadays no one cares a demi-semi-quaver what the jazzmen do, so unless you're a terrific musical snob you should get a lot of fun out of "The Classics à la Dixie" on H.846.

ON this 10-inch L.P. trombonist Pee Wee Hunt and his lads apply the Dixieland treatment to eight well-known items, and the result is a happy romp from Go to Whoa. The new titles which Pee Wee has chosen give you a clue to the whole tone of this jolly disc: "Twelfth Street Toreador," "Cotton Pickin' Carmen" (both from "Carmen"), "Rigoletto Rock" (the famous Quartet), "Hi-Lo, Pee Wee" (overture to "William Tell"), "Springtime Down in Dixie" (Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"), "Hunt's Goulash" (Brahms' Fifth Hungarian Dance), "Creepin' Can-Can" (a slowed-down version of the can-can from "Gaité Parisienne"), and "Hoffman's Hideaway" (the Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman").

ANYONE old enough to remember the highly successful Australian production of the operetta "The Dubarry" will want to hear a recent extended-play 45 r.p.m. disc featuring Anny Ahlers. Her old recordings of "I Give My Heart," "The Dubarry," "Today," "Beauty Waltz," and "Happy Little Jeanne" are all on this one 7-inch disc. Her charm is evident, despite the lack of Hi-Fi, and the disc is a wistful souvenir of the theatreland of only yesterday.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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A217A

"Bathing Beauty"



Susan Munsie, 2½, of Lewisham, N.S.W., is the youngest competitor ever to compete in the Railway Eisteddfod. With the confidence of a veteran, Susan sang and danced her way through two solo routines. "Practice can be firing" says Mrs. Munsie, "but a Dettol bath quickly refreshes her". A little Dettol in the bath is so pleasantly relaxing and refreshing. Try it yourself for all-over freshness!



"Dettol is an old trusted friend to me", says Dorothy McCulloch, fashion commentator. "Besides making my bath most refreshing, I protect my throat with a Dettol gargle". A few drops of Dettol in water brings cool comfort and helps protect against infection.



Smart girls use Dettol for personal reasons. Fragrant Dettol is gentle to use—harmless to everything but germs—and an excellent deodorant. That's why so many women use it for personal hygiene... it keeps the skin delightfully clean, fresh and sweet.



First Aid? ... first Dettol! You'll invariably find a bottle of Dettol in the First Aid Kit. Gentle Dettol assists in promoting fast healing and helps to guard against the risk of septic infection. Keep Dettol in your home ready to kill germs and help heal the wound. No other antiseptic is so effective yet so safe.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does... (ask him)... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential... in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)... in the room from which sickness may spread... to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



AVAILABLE ONLY
AT ALL CHEMISTS

Housewives on the warpath...

● Australian housewives get pretty "burned up" at any suggestion that they have time to burn in their daily schedules of running a home and looking after a family.

SINCE Sydney housewife Margaret Burlace claimed in an article in *The Australian Women's Weekly* (2/7/58) that housewives reduced their wasted energy to the ashes of self-pity, letters of protest have poured in from indignant readers.

Mrs. Burlace—whose three children are aged 3½, 8, and nearly 11—gave a daily schedule by which she keeps her housework and family affairs running smoothly, without fuss or muddle.

Here are some of the replies, together, in some cases, with added comments by Mrs. Burlace:

Human element

I WAS fascinated by Mrs. Burlace's account of how she successfully organises her work, but I'm still wondering how she organises her people so that they don't impede her.

Like her, I don't squander energy or time on redundant chores.

But the reasons I can rarely sit down for 12 hours from 8 a.m. include: Releasing the yo-yo from the phone wires, plastering skinned knees, detaching someone suspended by his braces in the willow tree, digging a few dozen strawberry plants to pass across the fence, or rescuing the football from the roof.

Then there's supervising billy-cart races or other dangerous but desirable sports, advising on fairy wings for a neighbor's school concert, hunting up a midwinter posy for the hospital, brewing the odd cup for another of those delightful droppers-in, returning a record, patching the wall-plaster, keeping dinner hot that unexpected hour, and on and on.

Women shouldn't complain because they don't have time to sit accumulating lethal fat round the heart, but where did Mrs. Burlace START to secure such docile orderliness and consistent tractability in all her human material?

We both love our work; moderately we organise. But how does she avoid all those incidental, unpredictable things that make me sound like Ma Kettle?

Sent in by Mrs. M. Fagan, 732 Sandy Bay Rd., Hobart.

● MRS. BURLACE: I don't avoid those incidental things. They happen to everyone, but not ALL the time. And a general plan of work does help you pick up the threads after these interruptions.

Fundamentals

WHAT housewives need is not a schedule for getting their work done, but a course in Home Science.

There would be fewer com-

plaints from housewives that they "never" have time and they "don't know where the day goes" if they knew the fundamentals of housekeeping.

The problem almost all housewives face is that the experience they gain over the years is nearly all by trial and error.

Sent in by "L.P.G.," Rextley, N.S.W.

● MRS. BURLACE: I'm all for a course in Home Science. I profited from a cookery course early in marriage. But everyone still has to adapt the taught principles to their own particular circumstances.

Time-slot life

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Burlace appears to have remarkable powers of organisation, I'm afraid I pity her because her schedule all sounds so inhuman.

Her life is arranged into set time slots, and everyone has to fall in with her plans.

The children are called in to assist Mrs. Burlace in carrying out her schedule, but there's no allowance for the time she spends assisting them. And I'm not referring to demands for food and clothing, but just living.

I don't honestly believe that your leisure and pleasure can be put aside to be taken in large doses.

Some of the things that bring most pleasure to me are watching the sun on the mountains, or listening to lovely music on the radio, or to the involved story of what happened at school, and the unexpected phone call from a friend who "just wanted a chat."

You can't arrange these so that they fall in with your plans of making beds before 9.30 a.m. or sorting the ironing at 2 p.m. It isn't humanly possible.

Women with tiny children must become resigned to the fact that they can have little spare time, no matter how well they try to organise their day.

But when their children get older (mine are now 14, 12, and 8) they will find they can easily put off till tomorrow a job they don't feel like doing today.

To become so organised and bound to a clock to the extent where you could say with certainty that "tomorrow at nine" you'll be doing such-and-such really appals me.

I must say frankly that on some days I just feel like a good dither. I thoroughly enjoy it, and I'm convinced that it adds energy to the next day, when I feel like an eager beaver, and you can't see my heels for dust.

By and large the house gets by, and my husband and children are healthy, and, I believe, happier.

Sent in by Mrs. P. A. Dunn,

4 Mountain Ave., Mt. Beauty, Vic.

● MRS. BURLACE: I'd like to assure Mrs. Dunn that my family and I do have fun together. My schedule was a WORK schedule only, with accent on making time for personal leisure.

Ever efficient

AS the mother of four small children I read with astonishment and admiration Mrs. Burlace's work schedule and her claim that housewives have time to burn.

I feel that if Mrs. Burlace were shipwrecked and cast up on a coral atoll with her husband and three children she would march through her daily chores in the same intrepid manner she employs in her suburban home.

And her schedule, scratched on the sand as she emerged from the surf, would no doubt read with the same unbending efficiency.

Sent in by Mrs. G. C. McCarthy, 3 Seaview Ave., Hampton, Vic.

A non-stop day

I'M a mother of four, and while I think Mrs. Burlace's work schedule seems ideal on face value, it's quite beyond me how she imagines anyone can have three and a half hours' leisure on a Monday.

I consider myself a methodical and fast worker, and can cope with most routine tasks in the minimum time, but Monday for me is just a continual rush to complete all the necessary work.

The day starts with a cuppa from my husband, who cooks the porridge while I'm feeding the baby.

While the children have breakfast I cut three lunches, and somehow manage to squeeze in my own breakfast, though often I don't even sit down for it.

I spend the usual time chasing up a five-year-old and a seven-year-old to finish breakfast, by which time my two-year-old has been dressed, sometimes by me, sometimes by the seven-year-old.

After breakfast I face the jobs of plaiting hair and supervising the cleaning of teeth, fingernails, and the last brushing of school uniforms.

By the time the two school children have waved goodbye at 8.45 I've usually washed the dishes and made the beds and am ready to start bathing and feeding the baby.

At 9.45 I start the washing and even with a washing machine I'm still very lucky to be finished by 11.45. These two hours I've also washed the bathroom floor and cleaned the bath, mirror and hand-basin.

It's 3 p.m. by the time I've finished the housework, prepared lunch for myself and the two-year-old—who has then had a nap—fed the baby

They've no time to spare

and coped with the many normal interruptions to any mother's schedule, such as kissing a sore finger.

It is then time for me to have a shower and cuppa, and prepare an orange drink for the baby. Then it's 3.30 and the children arrive home from school looking for a piece of cake and drink.

Then and only then can I start to prepare the dinner.

At 4.30 p.m. I bath the three eldest children, and while they're watching their TV programmes between 5 and 6.45, I cook dinner, feed and bed-down the baby, and fold the washing, which I bring in whenever I can find a few spare minutes.

By 7.45, with all the children in bed, I can relax in the lounge with my husband, and I can truthfully say this is the only relaxation I have.

• Tuesday is much the same, only I iron instead of wash, and sew and mend in the afternoon.

• Wednesday I have four hours at tennis, which is my ONLY recreation these days.

• Thursday is wash day again and also baking day.

• Friday is shopping day, in the time I can fit in between naps and meals for baby and the two-year-old.

Although my days are fully occupied, I enjoy them, because if you have a family you must give up your time for them and you're well rewarded by the love and joy returned by your children.

BUT, how any woman could say housewives have time to burn is beyond me.

Sent in by Mrs. Norma Wilkins, 3 Castlenau St., Caringbah, N.S.W.

• **MRS. BURLACE:** Here I'm attacked for saying I manage to have 3½ hours' leisure on Mondays. Well, Monday doesn't HAVE to be the day. It just happens that in my particular schedule I plan a little peace and quiet to follow a weekend of social activity when everyone is home.

Schedule without stock-whip tears

• After reading the replies to her article, Mrs. Burlace said:

FROM the comments my article aroused, I realise the picture I presented must have been of a determined woman with a stop-watch in one hand and a stock-whip in the other, eyes glued on the clock, ears deaf to the pleas of little children, and a rigid schedule ruling the roost.

It isn't really so.

What I had hoped to do was to focus attention on short cuts in housework so that the average housewife could ORGANISE and have time to spare for whatever relaxation suited her best.

If, as many readers revealed in their replies, her choice of leisure rests in doing her work in a leisurely way, good luck to her.

On the other hand, if she is one of the many who complain that they have "no time," then perhaps the methods which have helped me could also help her.

Whatever the reaction, I'm glad my article has made readers reappraise themselves.

All "burned up"

WHEN I read Margaret Burlace's article, "Women Have Time to Burn," I'm afraid I got all burned up.

I'd like to try to save some unnecessary happiness and real nervous troubles by pointing out that organised routine in the home, and in life generally, seldom prevents boredom and usually breeds it.

I think the main thing for housewives to learn is how to be happy doing what they have to do, and that is something each woman must work out for herself.

A schedule won't help. It's much more important to be adaptable than to be able to follow a schedule efficiently, since it is the small unexpected or unplanned things that thrill us most.

I think a woman should check with her doctor if she ever gets to the stage where

she feels guilty if she isn't working at something all the time.

As for organising the husband and family, do other readers think a woman has the right to set up a dictatorship like this?

Sent in by Mrs. Dulcie Crosier, Elalie, North Coast Line, Qld.

• **MRS. BURLACE:** I didn't intend that my schedule would not be flexible. It is just a working plan, to be varied with discretion. Be adaptable by all means, but not to the extent of being in a perpetual muddle.

Days too short

FOR from agreeing with Margaret Burlace that housewives have time to burn, I think many young mothers like myself would scarcely find time to light the match to start the fire.

I have two little girls and a nine-months-old baby, and

I find the days just aren't long enough.

All my friends agree, and one man who stayed home to keep house for three days when his wife was ill said he was genuinely glad to get back to the office for a rest.

I find it's quite impossible for every day to run to schedule.

Sewing and mending usually have to be left till the evenings, when a housewife's energy is at its lowest ebb. And as for reading and playing tennis, it's impossible. It takes me all my time to skim over the newspapers and read the better magazines.

Sent in by Mrs. N. Walkenden, Havlin St., Bendigo, Vic.

• **MRS. BURLACE:** As Mrs. Walkenden's family is much younger, my schedule and article don't really apply to her yet.

Not convinced

I READ with interest Margaret Burlace's work schedule and her claim that housewives have time to burn, but there are some questions I'd like answered.

Does Mrs. Burlace have a telephone, which interrupts any woman's day even if she isn't a gossip?

Are her children so perfect that they take or waste none of her precious time apart from the "dress Helen," "bath Helen," "give Helen tea," and so on, mentioned in the schedule?

Does she ever do anything for anyone else, such as help a neighbor, a sick relative, a troubled friend?

Or does Mrs. Burlace live in a different world?

Sent in by "E.M.C." (name supplied), Chadstone, Vic.

• **MRS. BURLACE:** Yes, I do have telephone interruptions. And no, my children aren't so perfect that they don't take up a normal amount of time. But my schedule is only a guide, and is flexible, which "E.M.C." doesn't seem to appreciate. In times of sickness, whether in your own family or that of friends, everyone's schedule must suffer. No housewife should be the slave of a routine any more than she should be the slave of her house.

First be happy

WHILE I don't think the young mother of four under-school age children could possibly have any time to burn, I do feel many mothers fail to put first things first.

For my first seven childless years of marriage I was intensely house-proud, even to the extent of scrubbing concrete paths to keep them white.

Now I am the proud mother of two adopted children, aged five and two.

After the first baby arrived, I tried to keep up my usual household routine, but found I was wearing myself out, and decided a relaxed and happy wife and mother was more important than a spotless home.

Sent in by "First Things First" (name supplied), Melbourne.

• **MRS. BURLACE:** I do agree with you. The family is more important than the state of the house it lives in. And the mother's outlook is most important of all.

He's looking at you . . . are you looking your best?



You owe it to your audience to wear

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DRESS SENSE

• The high-waisted chemise illustrated at right answers Dress Sense requests for a smart day dress.

THE unusual Empire-line ties twist under the bosom to button at the side seams.

The dress features two other Paris favorites — short, short sleeves and a modified bateau neckline.

Made in wool, it's a perfect choice for cool spring or warm winter days.

The design adds up to an elegant dress to wear, for example, to the office on a "special" day, one that ends in a dinner and theatre date.

Details of how to order the pattern are given below.

RIGHT. — DS319: High-waisted chemise dress pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-



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money to be made. You're sure you'll get to Tandeko in time for the great occasion?"

"Why not?" Wilson had seen the man's glance going over the Claribelle, and he was quick to resent any slur on his boat.

"Don't be touchy, Captain. It's just that I want to catch the market up there . . . place full of people, easy to sell anything."

"We'll be there . . ."

They were away by eight, but Wilson was not in the best of tempers. To begin with, Rosa had not appeared. He had been looking forward to taking her up to Tandeko, and he was disappointed and angry with her for making so much of a few words. Both of them spoke their minds at times, but it wasn't like either of them to carry it on too long. Well, let her go by train.

M'Lassa didn't improve his temper by demonstrating within ten minutes that he knew nothing about boats and was as clumsy as an elephant. He dropped the stern warp overboard as they drew away from the jetty, and only a warning bellow from Wilson saved it from being twisted round the propeller.

Then at midday they tied up alongside the bank and M'Lassa was sent ashore to cut wood for the stovehole. Before Wilson realised what he was doing, M'Lassa had the after-deck stocked with green, hard wood that wouldn't burn in a volcano. They wasted three hours.

They spent the night alongside the bank. The river was wide and fast and too difficult to navigate in the dark. The next day M'Lassa was a little better, but he had a genius for tripping over ropes, spilling anything he carried, and, unless he was shouted at, he let the furnace go low.

He also had the appetite of a horse and made enormous inroads on the Claribelle's provisions. By the end of the second day Wilson's voice was hoarse from shouting at him and he could cheerfully have tossed him to the crocodiles.

As Wilson was smoking a cigarette before he turned in, Mendoris came aft to the wheelhouse and joined him. The Greek produced a whisky bottle and two glasses.

"You need this, Captain," he said pleasantly, "to preserve your sanity. That boy of yours is the world's prize idiot."

"He gets the sack at Tandeko," said Wilson.

"They're all the same," said Mendoris. "Borami will be a mess when they begin to run it themselves. They'll all be in the hands of a few hotheads and fanatics. Nationalise everything, half-baked ideas . . . running before they can walk."

He filled Wilson's glass and they drank together, and with the whisky inside him Wilson felt better. The river ran peacefully by; the fireflies danced under the overhanging trees . . . He loved these nights, loved the river and the Claribelle. Who would want to give it all up to run a hotel?

By now Rosa would have got over her anger with him. Tomorrow she'd take the train for Tandeko. Well, she was travelling in style, anyway. The future President of Borami and a visiting English royal personage would be on the train — all going to Tandeko . . .

The next day things went more smoothly, and the Claribelle picked up some of the time she had lost. Just as dusk was coming down they dropped anchor close to the bank, out of the main current.

They were about two miles below the spot where the single-track Ekondo-Tandeko railway line crossed the river

Continuing . . .

A Son For M'Lassa

from page 25

by a wooden bridge. In a few hours, thought Wilson, Rosa would be passing over the bridge in the train. Down here he might just hear the whistle of the train for the bridge.

He leaned against the wheelhouse, smoking and thinking about Rosa. In the bows, Mendoris and his boys were eating, grouped closely in the shadow of the awning.

Wilson heard the pad of bare feet on the deck behind him and turned to see M'Lassa.

"Supper ready yet, M'Lassa?"

"Not yet, Captain. Pretty soon now . . ."

M'Lassa hesitated and in the dim light Wilson saw that the incorrigible smile had gone from the boy's face. He looked scared and nervous.

"What's the matter, M'Lassa?"

"Captain Wilson . . . terrible thing. Very important to M'Lassa."

"What's terrible?"

"About baby, Captain . . . M'Lassa's hands fluttered like bats in the darkness."

"Baby!" Wilson exploded. "What the hell's this about a baby?"

"M'Lassa's baby, Captain. Captain . . . you promise not to be angry. Hurt M'Lassa much when Captain angry. Hurt him right down in here

Wilson. "You've still got steam up, Captain. Wouldn't take you long. Seems the sensible thing to do."

Wilson was silent for a moment. Then with a shrug he said: "All right," and turned towards the wheelhouse.

Ten minutes later they were under way. There was the edge of a moon coming up over the trees on the far bank and the sky was brilliant with stars. M'Lassa had been sent into the bows to keep an eye open for drifting logs, and Wilson had the wheel. Mendoris stood outside of the open door of the wheelhouse, smoking.

A bend in the river suddenly opened up a long, straight stretch of water, and half a mile ahead of them Wilson could see the tall, slender black silhouette of the wooden bridge that spanned the Kuna carrying the railway line.

Wilson was still angry with M'Lassa, but he was also angry with himself. He felt that he himself should not have gone off the deep end so quickly.

Rosa was right. He was too fiery-tempered. Everyone knew it. That was why M'Lassa had been afraid to ask permission to bring his wife and her mother. He'd have given permission if he had been asked.



. . . A dark hand rested for a moment on M'Lassa's heart.

"I'll hurt you—but somewhere else if you don't come to the point. Don't tell me you've got a baby on board?"

"Not yet, Captain. But he come." Momentarily M'Lassa's smile beamed. "He come, Captain. He come before time. M'Lassa very happy about baby, but unhappy about wife."

"Wife? Baby?" Wilson grabbed M'Lassa by the shirt front and shook him. "Do you mean you've got your wife on board? Is that it?"

"Yes, Captain . . . baby come soon. Wife in great pain . . . M'Lassa wants wife to have baby in Tandeko . . . But no money to get there, so put wife in after-hold."

"You mean your wife's been living in the after-hold these past three days? You damn black rascal!"

"Wife very happy there, Captain . . . no trouble to Captain. No trouble to me. I do work like good boy. Wife has mother-in-law to look after her."

"Mother-in-law! Mother-in-law!" Wilson roared. "How many more of your blasted relations have you got aboard, taking your mind off your work?"

For a few moments Wilson let M'Lassa have a blistering catalogue of his deficiencies and enormities. Mendoris and his two boys aft looked up to see what the trouble was.

M'Lassa, screwing up his courage, said: "Five miles up river, Captain, is mission settlement. Good doctor and little hospital. M'Lassa's wife very ill. You take her there perhaps for baby—"

"I ought to throw you all overboard . . ."

Mendoris waved his cigar towards M'Lassa as he addressed

So absorbed was he in his thoughts that at first he did not hear Mendoris.

"Captain . . ."

The word was repeated louder and Wilson looked sideways. Mendoris had come inside the tiny wheelhouse and one of his boys was standing close by the door. In his hand Mendoris held a gun.

"What the blazes!" roared Wilson.

Mendoris shook his head. "It's no good losing your temper with me, Captain. Just do as I say and you won't come to any trouble. When you get up to the bridge, bring the boat alongside the central wooden pier."

For a moment Wilson was tempted to swing round and go for the man, but the gun held at his back made him give up the idea. He turned back to the wheel and began to edge the Claribelle towards the centre pier of the bridge. With an angry calm in his voice, he said: "What's this all about?"

"The bridge," said Mendoris easily. "We're going to blow it up just as the train comes across." The gun was jabbed into Wilson's back as he made a sudden movement. "Just keep your eyes ahead on the bridge. When the train goes sky-high, with the future president aboard, and the fine royal personage who's out here for the Borami coming-of-age ceremony . . . well, I imagine Borami won't come of age so quickly. At least, not with the same people in power. There'll be a new lot—and they won't be awkward about manganese concessions, trade arrangements, and so on."

The bridge loomed nearer and Wilson's hands tightened

To page 34

you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cold!



In just 7 seconds Vicks VapoRub starts clearing out her cold miseries . . .

Keeps on giving relief up to 10 full hours

Atom isotope tests prove speed and spread of VapoRub relief



The Hydrogen-3 atom shows how it takes but 2 breaths for . . .



. . . VapoRub relief to go deep into cold-affected areas and continue full strength all night long.

● Almost any mother can tell you how Vicks VapoRub helps clear cold miseries overnight. But now, comes new proof of the almost unbelievable speed with which VapoRub begins relief—throughout the cold affected areas! Using atomic isotopes, scientists traced VapoRub's vapour action through the respiratory passages. They found VapoRub takes only seven seconds to become fully effective . . . and keeps on relieving the cold up to 10 hours!

So, Mother, when your child catches cold, just rub Vicks VapoRub on her chest, throat and back . . . and with the second breath, she'll feel comforting relief clear her stuffy nose, soothe her sore throat, and break up congestion deep in the bronchial passages. And what's more, VapoRub keeps on comforting her while she sleeps restfully through the night. You try Vicks VapoRub—and you'll almost see the beginning of the end of your child's cold happen right before your eyes.



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World's Most Widely Used Cold Medication . . .

As a Rub . . . In Steam . . . In the Nose

VR-NI-47

How they
live:

THE HOUSE THAT MR. DOWNER BUILT



ARBURY PARK, Bridgewater, South Australia, is the stately Georgian home of the Minister for Immigration, Mr. Alexander Downer. Here he is pictured with his wife, the former Mary Gosse, in the terraced garden in the front of the house.



A DEER PARK covering five acres of Arbury Park beyond the pear orchard is a constant fascination for the Downer children. Looking through the gate are (from left) Alexander, Stella, and Angela. More than 30 graceful deer occupy the park.



FAMILY GROUP in the grounds of Arbury Park. From left are Alexander, aged 6, Mr. Downer, Mrs. Downer nursing two-year-old Una, the baby of the family, Angela, 8, and Stella, 10.

● The Minister for Immigration, Mr. Alexander Downer, M.H.R., has always known where he was going. To get there he began planning his home and career when he was a boy.

AT the age of nine, when most boys dream vaguely of becoming firemen or football stars, the young Downer was thinking of the day when he would enter politics.

At the age of 21, when most young men are thinking of their dream girl, he was thinking of his dream home and taking practical steps to get it.

Against the advice of some elderly relatives he bought Arbury Park, a 200-acre property at Bridgewater, S.A., one of the loveliest parts of the Mt. Lofty Ranges.

"It turned out to be the best thing I ever did," he says today.

He didn't marry till 15 years later, but then he was able to take his bride to the magnificent Georgian house he'd built when he was a bachelor.

By RITA DUNSTAN

The stately home stands on a hill overlooking a beautiful valley, on the other side of which rises Mt. George, directly in view of the house.

The upper garden is a romantic setting with a series of wide, curved terraces, which give way to cypress-lined steps leading down to a pond in which a 50ft. fountain plays.

Beyond the fountain the garden follows the natural contours of the valley to a stream flanked by soaring giant white gums.

From the upper garden, paths lead through oaks, elms, and holly trees to an old pear orchard, and then to a five-acre deer park.

The bride Alexander Downer brought to his dream home was Mary Gosse, daughter of the late Sir James Gosse, and of Lady Gosse, a member of the well-known Barr-Smith family, who lives at Aldgate, another Hills town.

Mrs. Downer, an attractive brunette, manages two homes

— Arbury Park and the Downer residence at Canberra. "We believe in keeping family life intact," said Mr. Downer. "My wife and children join me in Canberra whenever possible."

"But this is our real home. This property is my hobby. I spend all my spare money on it."

When Mr. Downer is away, the sheep and small cattle herd and the gardens are in charge of an overseer and his assistant, who live with their families in cottages on the property.

The Downers have four children—Stella, 10, Angela, 8, Alexander, 6, and Una, 2.

The three eldest—familiar with the political scene in Canberra—love playing parliament and take turns to act as Speaker.

Alexander, like his father, seems to have plotted his course already. Asked what he wants to be when he grows up, he says: "First a politician and then a minister."

Mr. Downer hopes his son won't change his mind.

"I'm a firm believer in families devoting themselves traditionally to public service," he says. "That way I think you get the best and most conscientious government."

Mr. Downer is tall, greying, and distinguished.

He was devoted to his mother, the late Mrs. D'Arcy Addison, who lived with him at Arbury Park from 1935, when he settled there after spending four years studying law, philosophy, politics, and economics at Oxford, until he married in 1947.

"My mother was a woman of great character and fine sense of humor," he said. "She helped me work out my career so that I could follow my father's example."

"It was she who suggested law as a suitable profession to precede a political career."



AUTUMN makes a striking appearance at Arbury Park. This picture shows the crimson and golden tree-lined drive. Trees in the gardens include claret ash, scarlet oak, golden poplars, and liquid ambers. Pictures are by David Brock.



THE LIBRARY at Arbury Park opens directly off the porch and its walls are lined with books on every subject from travel to classics and religion. On the wall above the mantelpiece is a portrait of Mr. Downer's mother, the late Mrs. D'Arcy Addison.

Mr. Downer's father was Sir John Downer, K.C., leader of the South Australian Bar and twice Premier of South Australia.

When his mother died in November, 1955, Mr. Downer had a chapel built to her memory in her favorite corner of the property, the old pear orchard.

A small, simple, Georgian-style structure, the chapel was completed in 1956 and dedicated by the Bishop of Adelaide, Dr. Reed.

The altar and prayer-desk are of Queensland blackwood to match the door and other woodwork. A christening-font of stone, which was used for Una's christening, stands just inside the door.

When he is at home Mr. Downer conducts Sunday services for his family and house staff.

Among the chairs in the chapel are those used by Mr. and Mrs. Downer at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and two stools used by Mr. Downer's mother and father at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary in 1911.

The rest of the chairs are 18th century English.

"So much of what I have is

18th century that I often say I should have lived in those times," said Mr. Downer. "I think I'd have liked the life."

The house, reminiscent of an 18th century English manor, is furnished in British furniture of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries.

Even the paintings are mostly 18th century English. Mr. Downer won't name his favorite, but he is particularly proud of a 1792 Romney portrait.

"I'm naturally very interested in foreign affairs," he told me. "I've spent half my life overseas, the most important period being in Changi prison camp for 3½ years."

"I think all of us in the 5th Division learned more about human nature in that time than most men would in a lifetime."

Mr. Downer began service with the A.I.F. as a gunner.

"I finished acting-sergeant unconfirmed," he said with a grin.

When they're at home at Arbury Park, the Downers

lead a quiet life, with occasional picnics and small dinner parties.

The only time their home is thrown open for large-scale entertainment is when they give a garden party for a local charity.

Despite this luxurious home, Mr. Downer has no time for people who live in cushioned comfort.

To develop fully, he believes you must share life in all its aspects with all types of human beings.

"As one of my tutors at Oxford used to say, 'Character is defined by conflict,'" said Mr. Downer. "I firmly believe it."

Had his home 15 years before seeking a bride

South Australian artist Ivor Hele is well represented in his home. There are already two portraits of Mrs. Downer and one of Mr. Downer, while another portrait of Mr. Downer, which Ivor Hele painted for the 1957 Archibald Prize, will be added later.

In his "spare" time Mr. Downer is a trustee of the South Australian National Art Gallery.

He is also South Australian president of the Overseas League, a member of the Constitutional Review Committee, and a member of the Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee.



ABOVE: The beautiful dining-room reflects the 18th century British character of the furnishings. For years one of Mr. Downer's hobbies has been collecting antiques.

BELOW: The interior of the chapel which Mr. Downer built as a memorial to his mother in the grounds of Arbury Park, and in which he conducts services on Sundays.



on the wheel. Manganese concessions, political assassination, the death of royalty . . . But one thing was clearer than anything—Rosa. She would be on the train.

"Don't try anything funny," said Mendoris as the Claribelle eased in to the pier. "I shall be behind you."

For the next fifteen minutes there was nothing Wilson could do but watch and obey orders. Mendoris and his two boys had the whole thing planned. The Claribelle was tied up alongside the wooden pier and the two boys, with M'Lassa forced to help them, lifted some of the bales of Mendoris' cotton goods on to the flat pier base.

A bow rope was tied to the pier and Wilson was instructed to let the Claribelle drift back on the current. As the boat dropped back, Mendoris' boys paid out the rope and with it a long length of wire cable which was attached to the explosive bales on the pier.

On the foredeck the native boys had brought out a plunger and were fixing the wire to it. "One push on that as the train goes over," said Mendoris, "and the job's done."

"And afterwards?" asked Wilson.

"You put us ashore and never see us again. We've got nothing against you, Captain. Now come out slowly."

Covered by Mendoris and one of his boys, both with guns in their hands, Wilson came out of the wheelhouse. Two hundred yards away the bridge was black and tall against the sky. He thought of the piled explosives, of the firing plunger, and then of Rosa . . .

As he was ushered into the afterhold, M'Lassa came forward. "Captain, why we do this? My wife very bad . . . going to be very bad birth. Why we don't go to settlement?"

"Keep your hair on, M'Lassa," Wilson put a hand on his arm. He turned to Mendoris in the doorway. "Is it all right if I have a look at her?"

"You can move about. But don't come near this door."

Mendoris took a seat on a packing-case by the door and one of his boys squatted on the floor by his side.

M'Lassa led Wilson to the far end of the hold. Behind a pile of sack-wrapped bales his wife lay on some blankets, her eyes shut. By her side squatted an old native woman, her face wrinkled, her eyes fierce and angry.

M'Lassa's wife gave a sudden cry and her body jerked.

"Settlement. Take her to settlement," said the old woman.

"This is Barata . . . mother-in-law," said M'Lassa, near to tears, his hands fluttering. "That Zuba, my wife. Why we not go to settlement, Captain?"

"Because Mendoris is a bad man," said Wilson. "But take it easy. Maybe I can do something."

"Bad man?" The old woman Barata looked sharply from Wilson towards Mendoris at the door.

"Yes," said Wilson. "But don't worry. Once I was nearly a doctor."

He waved M'Lassa and the old woman away, drew the blanket back from Zuba, and began to examine her. She was very close to her time.

After a while he straightened up and went towards the door. Mendoris' gun came up, halting him.

"She's in trouble," said Wilson evenly. "If I don't try to help her she may die."

"So?"

"I need hot water and some rags or towels. There's plenty of hot water in the boiler. You'll only have to let M'Lassa or the old woman fetch it."

Mendoris was silent for a moment. He glanced at his watch and then said: "All right, Captain. You keep down that end. The old woman can fetch water."

Wilson made M'Lassa keep out of the way. The old woman, in between fetching him water from the engine-room, hovered around him, muttering to herself.

"Why bad men not let us

Continuing . . .

A Son For M'Lassa

from page 31

go to settlement?" she asked once.

"Because he's going to blow up the bridge with the train on it. Going to kill royal person and president. Hold that light lower."

The minutes ran by. It was hot in the hold and the sweat poured from him. The presentation was a difficult one and he kept an anxious eye on Zuba. M'Lassa would be a broken man if he got a baby but lost a wife.

Lost a wife! Wilson sud-

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



denly realised that that was what was going to happen to him. He was going to lose Rosa. He cursed himself for not having married her years ago. She was right. He should have given up the river and gone into the hotel business. But he knew it was too late. Now that he was going to lose her, he knew just how much he loved her.

Straightening up to mop his face and hands free of sweat, he saw that Mendoris had left the hold. His two boys stood guard and M'Lassa was on the

far side of the hold, sitting on a bale with his head in his hands.

If M'Lassa were any use, had any imagination, could jump to any emergency, Wilson thought, then he might take a chance.

He looked at his watch. If the train was on time, there were about fifteen minutes to go.

He turned back to Zuba. The minutes passed. Then, sud-

denly, she was blowing for the bridge. Sometimes the natives drove their cattle across it. Another five minutes . . . He shut his eyes at the thought.

Behind him M'Lassa was squatting by his wife, talking to her.

Barata came back carrying the tin bowl, a towel looped over one arm.

As his hands went into the bowl, he felt something hard and metallic at the bottom. For a moment he was still. Then he saw Barata's eyes on him. In the bottom of the bowl was a heavy engine spanner.

Wilson took it in his right hand and as he withdrew his hands the old woman raised the towel for him, covering the spanner from the guards. He pretended to wipe his hands. The old woman had brought the spanner back in the water right under the noses of the guards. She'd done her bit. Everything was up to him now.

The train whistled again, nearer now. It was a chance—a thin one, but he had to take it.

He moved away from the bowl, hiding the spanner at his side. Barata picked up the bowl and turned towards the door. She was a couple of paces from the guards when she suddenly swung the bowl forward and hurled it at one of them.

Wilson jumped towards the other. The man's hand came up with his gun in it, but the heavy spanner crashed down on his skull before he could fire. He crumpled.

Wilson whirled on the other, who was standing stupidly shaking his head, water running over his face. The spanner slashed out and caught him on the side of the neck. As he fell, Barata gave a cry of pleasure and picked up his gun from the floor and Wilson grabbed it from her.

Outside the train whistled again, and now the thunder of its wheels on the rails could be clearly heard. Wilson dashed up the old steps on to the deck. Forward he could see Mendoris standing a few yards from the

plunger and in the act of moving towards it. Away to the right, through the trees beyond the bridge, the moving lights of the train snaked towards the river.

As he ran forward, Mendoris heard him coming. Wilson raised his gun and fired. Mendoris gave a cry and staggered to his knees on the deck. The plunger lever was a couple of feet from him. He reached out with his left hand as he fired back. The bullet whistled past Wilson's head.

From the bridge upstream came a high, enveloping whistle and the loud thunder of the train as it came on to the bridge.

Mendoris' hand came down towards the plunger. Wilson threw himself forward in a long tackle. They crashed together and went rolling across the deck. He got a hold round Mendoris' neck, forcing him down, and then raised his revolver and crashed it on the man's head. Mendoris gave a little grunt and lay still.

Behind Wilson, as he watched the train go over and thought of Rosa, came Barata's voice. "Captain, good man, fine man, not like everyone say. Nothing wrong with strong dog that barks loud. Not like M'Lassa, he got liver of a chicken. Royal person thank you very much for saving life."

"Not the royal person," Wilson said. "But a lady . . ."

He and Rosa went to the christening of M'Lassa's son a few days later in Tandeko. As the two came out of the mission church, Wilson slipped his arm through Rosa's. She looked up at him and smiled.

"It's a fine boy," she said. "But what a string of names. Half a dozen English ones and then that long native name. What did that mean? My Hausa's not so good."

"It means: 'He who arrived in time to throw a spanner in the works.' The old lady insisted on that one. When he grows up we'll give him a job as houseboy in our hotel."

Wilson squeezed her arm affectionately.

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See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet

In love with a sun-drenched country, pretty Jan Heidenreich and Janette Jones spend those first spring days picking armfuls of golden wattle out at Pennant Hills. Plenty of warm sunshine and brief, gay cottons lend a flattering tan to glowing skin. Such lovely complexions as these know only the gentle care of mild Rexona Soap.



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BATH SIZE 1/5 REGULAR SIZE 1/1

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 23, 1958



Fine old Crown Derby tureen, nearly 100 years old, filled with fine old-fashioned soup. Few of us can own such fine china these days, but Continental brand makes it easier than ever to serve soup with real old-fashioned goodness.

Thick Vegetable Soup — with real home-made goodness because you taste nine real vegetables, freshly home-cooked



... cooked by you in just minutes, till it's a feast of fresh garden flavours, steeped in rich gravy-beef stock — Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup.

Betty King Home Economist of World Brands, says: "The menfolk do love freshly-cooked vegetable soup, don't they, and there's really no excuse for not having it constantly 'on tap' — now that Continental brand put the complete soup up in air-tight packets, ready to cook quickly. They're so handy for popping into stews and casseroles, too — try the recipe on this page for a start."

Continental soups

Chicken Noodle - Cream of Chicken - Chicken Broth - Mushroom - Thick Vegetable - Tomato Vegetable - Pea - Cream of Celery

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 23, 1958



Try Tomato Vegetable, too!

With Continental brand you can have it freshly cooked and on the table in 10 minutes, complete with five different juicy vegetables, rich tomato stock and egg noodles.



HOT POT OF RABBIT

Prepare and soak one rabbit. Cut in serving pieces, dry, roll in flour. Arrange in casserole with layers of carrot and onion. Blend one pkt. Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup with one pt. water, pour in casserole. Top with thick slices potato and onion for a "one-dish" meal. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1½-2 hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

CS.19WWFPC

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"How lovely your hands are - even after so much washing-up"

**Your hands
are out of hot water in
half the time... because
RINSO's RICHER SOFTER SUDS
SPEED UP DISHWASHING**

"When I wash-up with Rinso I've more time to enjoy the visitors," says Mrs M. Sheridan of Park Road, Naremburn, N.S.W. And Mrs J. Hopcroft, who pops over the road to give a hand when the Sheridan boys have a party, agrees: "No matter how high the dirty plates are piled, they're sparkling clean with Rinso in almost no time."

... Rinso's richer, softer suds get dishes hygienically clean so quickly and so easily you can see the difference in your hands, too!



to his voice. "In what way
an I help you?"

And then, suddenly, she felt
overwhelmingly silly. Over-
powered with a schoolgirl awk-
wardness, she blushed.

The man was still looking
politely interested.

"The boat train leaves from
Platform Six." He looked at his
watch: "In twenty minutes'
time." He looked at her. "Is
that what you wanted to
know?"

Strangely, she felt cross, in-
dignant at his willingness to
help.

"No. No," she said, "no, I
wanted" She remembered
the time when she'd been doing
amateur theatricals, and dried
up. "No," she finished lamely.

He didn't say anything. He
raised his eyebrows.

She felt infuriated, and al-
most started tapping her foot,
but remembered he was a com-
plete stranger and controlled her
annoyance. She opened her
mouth to tell him all about it,
but found herself saying,
"Haven't I seen you somewhere
before?" And was so appalled
that she felt physically sick.

He didn't smile. He didn't
even give her a knowing look,
or indicate in any way she'd
made herself cheap.

"No," he said, as if he really
were thinking. "I don't think
so." The ghost of a smile flick-
ered in his eyes. "I'd be sur-
prised if you had."

She felt enormously relieved,
almost warm again. He was so
normal, she felt she had known
him for quite a long time.

He was still politely inquir-
ing with his eyes.

She made an effort. "I'm
Mary Pritchard."

He said, "How-do-you-do?"

He said it as though somebody
else had introduced them.

She found herself quite liking
this young man. "I'm Mary
Pritchard, and I'm expecting
somebody."

The desire for coffee and to
sit down made her indicate the
refreshment-room. "Look, I
know I shouldn't ask, but
would you like a cup of
coffee?"

He considered this quite
gravely. "Yes, I would."

They fell into step naturally.
The station became a more

Continuing . . . The Reluctant Shadow

from page 19

friendly place, somewhere she
had been before, and accepted
as a natural place to be.

She didn't realise the cause
of her change of heart, but it
was the relief of having some-
body to talk to, the relaxing
of tensions which were brought
about by loneliness and by in-
tense personal conflicts.

The refreshment-room was
quite nice in a cold, indif-
ferent way.

The waitress was efficient.
The coffee was awful.

She knocked it out with sugar.

The man didn't seem to be
in any hurry to talk. He looked
grave, offered sugar—did all
the things young men are ex-
pected to do when having
coffee with a girl in a railway
refreshment-room.

He sipped his coffee, looked
startled at its taste. Helped
himself to more sugar.

She said, "I'm going to run
away with a man."

His coffee, as he sipped it
again, didn't tremble. He
didn't even look up.

"A married man," she added,
piqued at his lack of reaction.

He said, "I know," and
helped himself to yet more
sugar.

"You know!"

She allowed her voice to
reveal how surprised she was.
Again she felt annoyed. It was
as if he'd turned the tables on
her. "Which he has," her own
mind told her, and she re-
laxed.

But she couldn't resist ask-
ing. "How did you know?"

His eyes looked at her
calmly. "I didn't, really. I
suspected it."

"Oh."

She didn't pursue the mat-
ter further, though she felt
crestfallen that her anxiety
and strain under the clock
should have been so obvious.

He put his cup on its saucer,
and pushed the two away with
the air of a man cutting his
losses. "Tell me about it. That
is," he added hastily, "if you
want to?"

She did, but she didn't
know where to start.

"A married man?" He
prompted her.

"Yes."

Mary rummaged in her
handbag, more to give her
time than for any other re-
ason. But she found a handker-
chief and held it as if she were
about to use it.

"I met him at a party."

She looked at the handker-
chief and saw it was bordered
with pink hearts and ele-
phants. Somehow this startled
her, and she put it back into
her handbag, closing it with
a decisive click.

The click, a homely, per-
sonal sound, helped her.

"He was very handsome and
very clever—and very gay."



She considered for a mo-
ment whether she should ex-
plain why his being gay had
been so important at the time,
but she decided not to.

"He—we got on very well
together. And it turned out
he was in the same line of
business as I was. I'm a model."

"Was he a good model?"

His question was so natural,
so even, that she had an-
swered before she realised he
was joking. "He's a photog-
rapher."

Then she realised what he
meant and smiled. "Of course
he wasn't a model." She felt
a moment of confusion be-
cause she'd spoken as if she'd
known this man for a long
time, in a companionable way.

She made her voice brisk
and as business-like as she
could. "Not unnaturally, we
fell in love. In love in a sort
of a way. You see, I'd only
recently arrived here and I
was a bit scared of it all and
—and, well, he was so gay."

"And being gay was impor-
tant to you?" Again he man-
aged to ask the question with-
out any prying quality.

"I was lonely." She left the
subject abruptly.

"You can't help falling in
love. It's not a thing with any
shall or shan't about it. I fell
in love."

"In a sort of a way," he
quoted her own words.

Really, she thought, this
man may be quiet and polite,
but he does stop one in mid-
stride. But she said, "I wasn't
sure."

"Now you are?"

"Yes."

With a sinking feeling she
thought, "That's it. I am in
love." The sinking feeling
turned to a blank feeling. "In
love," she repeated to herself
and felt actively miserable.

"And that's why you wanted
to talk to me?"

Her hand trembled, but she
stopped it going to the hand-
bag and to the hearts-and-
elephants-bordered handker-
chief. "Yes," she said.

He spoke gently. "Miss
Pritchard, I'm an ordinary
sort of man and I don't know
much about love. It's one of
those things. One of those
things that happen."

"Like measles?" She asked
and wanted to cry.

"Yes, like measles." He was
grave about it. "Of course, it
can only happen when there's
somebody else to share it."

He was looking at her and,
unaccountably, she felt as if
they had discovered something
together. "I fell in love," he
went on, "but love isn't much
good when it's all yours—yours
alone."

She felt terribly sorry for
him. A sort of maternal yearn-
ing for this stranger who
loved alone.

She was startled to see his
mouth tighten, an almost
cynical look spread to his eyes.

"The girl I fell for doesn't
even know my name." He sat
back in his chair. "And if she
knew what I did for a living,
she'd probably be glad."

He looked almost aggressive.

She didn't know what to
say.

He smiled suddenly, re-
laxed his hunch-shouldered
gloom and sat forward again.

"But what about you? I take
it you don't speak to complete
strangers unless it's pretty im-
portant?"

"No."

"What's the matter?" His
voice was gentle.

"I'm going to tell the man
I love that I'm not going
away with him."

Her pronouncement made his
face pale, then color. His voice
was almost sharp.

"The photographer?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause. She
became aware of the clatter
of crockery as she wondered
why he should react in that
way. Perhaps, she thought, he
had a deeply spiritual quality,
rejoicing in somebody doing
the right thing.

"And what do you want me
to do?" She thought his voice
sounded veiled, as if he were
controlling it carefully.

"Well, you see, I want some-
body with me. When Edward
arrives I want somebody with
me. Somebody I can say is—
is my . . ."

She hesitated. "Someone I
can say won't let me go away.
You see," she was speaking
eagerly now, "Edward is at-
tractive, and there's something
about him awfully difficult to
say you won't to. He's mas-
terful. And when I see him,
what I've made up my mind
to say to him, won't say. I
mean, I can't say it. I don't
want to go away with him, but
when I see him I'll probably
say nothing, and go, and feel
awful. You do see what I
mean?"

He spoke carefully. "You
want me to pretend I'm your
brother or something like
that?"

"He knows I haven't got a
brother."

"Oh. Then you'd like me
to say I'm in love with you?"

"Yes." Her voice was so
small she could hardly hear it
herself.

He was still speaking care-
fully. "You don't trust your-
self with this man, this man
Edward, who is a photog-
rapher?"

"No."

"All right," he sat up, "I'll
pretend I'm in love with you,
and if this man Edward says
anything I'll jolly well punch
him on the nose!"

"Oh, no." She was alarmed.

"I don't want anything like
that to happen. You see," she
went on carefully, "I do like
him. I like him a lot—but I
don't like him—all that."

She did wish she could stop
feeling ashamed. "I mean, he
has got a wife." She sud-
denly saw how desperately
sordid the whole thing was,
and had been.

"He's got a beautiful voice
—when he speaks" She
gave it up, she never could
explain.

He seemed to be lost in
thought, then he said, "I once
saw a mountain reflected in a
lake, and the reflection was
more beautiful than the real

thing. It had a dark depth."

He made an effort to drag him-
self out of some preoccupation.
"Forgive me asking, but has
this Edward been anything
more to you than a beautiful
voice?"

She gasped at the insinua-
tion. Then, realising she had
asked for his assistance, said
"No." Which made her feel
better, for Edward really had
been nothing more than a
beautiful voice.

"No," she went on. "He
wanted That's why we
were going away. But now it's
come to the point, both my
courage and my love have
failed. And, besides . . ."

Mary just had to produce
the pink-bordered handker-
chief and tease at it with her
fingers, "I know his wife is
suspicious and has put one of
those awful private detectives
on to us, and he'll probably
be at the station and see us
and we'll get into awful trouble
. . . . But we won't if you're
there and if I don't go away,
anyhow. You do see what I
mean?"

Really, she had never felt
more miserable in all her life.

An agonised, lump-in-chest
sort of misery. It was awful to
have to tell a complete stran-
ger all this. It made her feel
dreadful, but underneath it all
she felt glad. Glad that, if this
stranger did help, she wouldn't
have to go with Edward.

"He talks of suicide," she
said. She had to say it because
he did talk of suicide. He used
suicide as a moneylender uses
debts. And, although she knew
very well he didn't mean it,
he just might.

But, of course, if this stran-
ger was there, he wouldn't. It
was woman's logic, but it was
logic. And sense.

An image, an image of an
awful little man in a green-
ish bowler hat, swam behind
her eyes. A little man with a
greasy look and a bedraggled
moustache and a perpetual
fag-end in his mouth.

"What's the matter?" He
was looking at her in a con-
cerned manner.

She said, "Nothing," but she
was thinking of her notion of
a private detective.

A voice, a voice apparently
speaking down a very narrow
tube a mile long and then
magnified to clanging propor-
tions, announced . . . "The
Southampton boat train will
be leaving Platform Six in five
minutes' time. Thank you."

And clicked itself off.

They stood up, Mary and
this strange young man.

It was quite absurd, but she
had the feeling of normalcy,
that they should be standing
up together and about to go
out to tell Edward she wasn't
going away with him.

The station was busy, busier
than ever. Full of busy, pre-
occupied men and women,
passing each other as if their
destination were far more im-
portant than themselves.

She and the young man—
he was a companion now—
walked together towards the
huge hanging clock.

He said suddenly, "My
name's Jim."

"Oh," she said.

Mary felt like a very small,
ill-equipped army which had
suddenly found itself with a
large, well-equipped army, in-
tent on the same operation.

Edward was there, tall and
dark and impatiently waiting.
He strode towards them. She
recognised his "I'm a busy man
and where the devil have you
been?" look. He was certainly
good-looking in a saturnine
way—more handsome than
Jim, though not so comforting.

He strode up, took her arm,
and said, "Where have you
been? I've been waiting hours."

He took no notice of Jim,
"Come on, this way."

He had propelled her a
couple of steps over towards

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ANOTHER REASON YOU'LL SAY

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Continuing . . . The Reluctant Shadow

Platform Six before Jim said, quietly, "She's not going with you."

Edward didn't hear him; he wouldn't have believed him if he had heard him.

Then Jim was in front of them, and Edward and he were glaring at each other. They glared as two men who naturally disliked each other from the first meeting.

The sound of the station became very clear, almost crystal and distant. Hundreds of feet on asphalt. Passing conversations, trolleys rumbling.

Jim and Edward were still glaring. In the oddest way they seemed to enjoy glaring at each other. They glared, as it were, with satisfaction.

"She loves me," snarled Jim. His snarl was very convincing, a masterpiece of inner conviction.

"Oh, dear," Mary thought to herself, "he is overdoing it a bit. I mean, I only asked him to act." But she felt thrillingly excited all the same.

Edward raised one black-gloved hand. When it came to acting he was no slouch himself. "Out of my way, scum!"

Jim stood his ground. "Mind your backs, mind your backs!" bawled a voice close behind them.

Mary and Edward stepped one way, Jim the other.

A handcart rattled, luggage pyramided between them. Confusion. And out of the confusion she was being hustled towards Platform Six, Edward's hand on her arm.

Suddenly there seemed thousands of people bent upon jamming themselves through the gates on to the platform, people who seemed deliberately to get between her and Jim, though Edward stuck like a limpet.

She had a fleeting glimpse of Jim trying to catch sight of her, straining up like a swimmer in a crowded sea.

Then the gate, the ticket-collector, the platform free of people because they were all

from page 37

hurrying the same way. A porter heaving, an attendant coming down to meet them.

Edward in his element. Giving orders, instructions. Very much in command.

Noise, confusion, and a backward glance revealing a furious, gesticulating Jim having words with the ticket-collector, and then making a sprint for a platform-ticket machine.

The porter was touching his cap, silver clenched in his hand. The attendant talking to Edward as if Edward owned the carriage. He did, so far as the attendant was concerned, considering the size of the tip he'd received.

Then Edward urging her towards the steps of the train, and her awful feeling of being a small girl refusing to do as she's told. Edward's angry face, the attendant's surprised one. A few interested faces belonging to passengers, and steam rising as from an outside, damp cigarette.

As she had one foot on the step, help arrived. Jim. Jim as in command of the situation as Edward had been just before.

With a sigh of relief, Mary stepped back. Jim and Edward were shouting at each other. Neither listening to what the other was saying, and both trying to make themselves heard.

A crowd collected, the porter grumbling, and the attendant hopping from one foot to the other. Jim was winning, for he had the crowd on his side, and he appealed to them in a most moving speech. Furious, Edward found himself replying in similar vein.

Passionate speeches having proved inadequate to the circumstances, blows were about to be exchanged, when a gold-braided official arrived.

He was remarkably efficient. All in one movement, as it were, he'd examined Edward's ticket, got him aboard the train, ticked off the attendant, got rid of the porter, and sent the crowd flying to their seats.

He, the official, produced a watch, a whistle, a notebook, and a pair of glasses. Looked at the watch, blew the whistle, adjusted his glasses, opened the notebook, and said, "Now then . . ."

Only the engine-driver missed his cue. He didn't start his engine, and this threw the official off his stride.

A window crashed down and Edward's infuriated face appeared. Rather like a gargoyle from a Gothic church, the carriage being Victorian in structure.

Edward started. The man leaning from a carriage window has, as it were, the centre of the stage—and Edward seized the opportunity. His speech was passionate—and to the point.

There was, he said, somewhere in the crowd, a private detective hired by his wife. It was, he said, his intention to get a divorce, anyway. He wanted, he said, only to give his wife grounds, and, he said, Mary was to have been the stooge! And now, he finished in a fine frenzy, he wanted the aforesaid private detective, wherever he might be in the crowd, to report to his aforesaid wife that he was passionately attached to Mary.

By now the engine-driver had collected his wits and pulled a lever, or whatever engine-drivers do, and the train started to run smoothly away from the platform.

Edward, pardonably annoyed, for he hadn't yet finished his speech, leant farther out of the carriage to continue.

The girl in charge of a tea-trolley called out, but, before she could pull the contraption out of the way, the back of Edward's head made violent contact with the tea urn.

It didn't knock him out, but it stopped his speech.

And then they were all on the platform staring after the train in various degrees of astonishment.

The official. The porter. The people who had come to see

people off. And Mary. And Jim.

"Now then . . ." began the official weakly, but it was obvious he would much rather let the whole thing drop.

"Cor!" said the girl in charge of the trolley, and she looked at the dent in her silver tea urn.

"Come on," said Jim, and turned for the exit.

Meekly, Mary followed him. They were back having coffee. Having sampled it before, they both heaped sugar into the cup.

Neither spoke for a long time. Gloom and greyness settled round Mary like a muffler.

She wondered which one of the crowd had been the private detective. She remembered one who had been very interested. A seedy type with a green bowler hat. She sighed. What did it matter . . . ?

"By the way," she said, suddenly ashamed, "you were waiting for somebody. Oh, I am sorry, I must have made you miss an appointment." She put her hand on his arm. "Who were you waiting for?"

He looked at her very directly. "You."

"Me?" "I'm the private detective. I answered an advertisement in the paper. I thought it would be Sherlock Holmes stuff and magnifying-glasses, with desperate action in between. It wasn't." He sighed. "You were my first case and my last." He got up. "Needless to say, I'm not the least bit interested in Edward—nor in Edward's wife. I am, in you," he said simply.

They left the refreshment-room, they walked to a taxi. Jim told the driver to drive them somewhere. Still they didn't talk. They got there and got out and started walking down a long, neon-glittering street.

About half-way down they started to laugh. They laughed and laughed until they were both overcome with laughter.

Mary put her arm through Jim's and, still laughing, they walked off into the neon-glittering night.

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that it will be better for one of our number. I have been able to procure a cabin for you, Miss Marlow, but I fear you will be heartily sick of the crossing—particularly if it continues to rain, as it shows every sign of doing."

"Why," demanded Edmund, "am I not to have an egg? I do not want this bread-and-milk. Keighley says it is cat-lap."

"Never mind!" said Phoebe, laughing. "You may have an egg tomorrow."

"I may not be hungry tomorrow," said Edmund gloomily. "I am hungry now!"

"Oh, dear! Are you?"

"Fair gutfundered!" said Edmund.

Sylvester, who was glancing through a newspaper, lowered it and said sternly: "You never learned that from Keighley!"

"No," admitted Edmund.

"Jem says it."

"Who the devil is Jem?"

"The one with the spotty face. Don't you know, Uncle Vester?" said Edmund, astonished.

"One of the stablehands?"

Edmund nodded. "He tells me very good words. He is a friend of mine."

"Oh, is he?" said Sylvester grimly. "Well, unless you want to feel my hand, don't repeat them!"

Quelled, Edmund returned to his bread-and-milk. Over his head Sylvester said ruefully: "I make his apologies, Miss Marlow. It is the fault of too old a nurse and by far too old a tutor. I must find a younger man."

"I don't think that would answer nearly as well as a sensible female," said Phoebe.

"Someone like my own dear governess, who doesn't get into a fuss for torn clothes and likes animals and collecting butterflies and birds' eggs, and—oh, you know, Tom!"

"My dear Miss Marlow, only furnish me with her name and her direction!" begged Sylvester.

"You have met her," she reminded him. "But I am afraid I cannot spare her to you. She and I mean to set

up house together as soon as I come of age."

"Set up house together!" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes. She is going to keep house, and I—"

She stopped suddenly, gave a little gasp, and continued defiantly: "And I am going to write novels!"

"I see," he said dryly, and retired into the newspaper again.

They went aboard the packet in a light drizzle, and with less opposition from Master Rayne than might have been expected.

When it was borne in upon him that his all-powerful uncle was unable to waft him miraculously across the sea he did indeed hover on the brink of a painful scene, saying: "No, no, no! I won't go on a ship, I won't, I won't!"

on a rising note that threatened a storm of tears. But Sylvester said: "I beg your pardon?" in such blighting accents that he flushed up to the ears, gave a gulp, and said imploringly: "If you please, I don't want to! It will give me that dreadful pain in me pudding-house!"

"In your what?"

Edmund knuckled his eyes.

"I thought there was more steel in you," said Sylvester contemptuously.

"There is steel in me!" declared Edmund, his eyes flashing.

"Keighley says I have good bottom!"

"Keighley," said Sylvester, in a casual tone, "is waiting for us at Dover. Miss Marlow, I must beg you won't mention to him that Edmund found he couldn't throw his heart over. He would be very much shocked."

"I will go on that ship!" said Edmund in a gritty voice.

"We Raynes can throw our hearts over anything!"

His heart shied a little at the gangway, but Sylvester said: "Show us the way, young Rayne!" and he stumped resolutely across it.

"Edmund, you're a great gun!" Tom told him.

"Game as a pebble!" asserted Edmund.

For Phoebe the crossing was one of unalleviated boredom. Sylvester, wrapping his boat-

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 21

cloak round Edmund, kept him on deck; and since there was clearly nothing for her to do, and it continued to rain, she could only retire to her cabin and meditate on a bleak future.

Towards the end of the crossing the rain ceased, and Phoebe went on deck. She found Edmund in a boastful mood and Sylvester civil but curt. It was the first time Sylvester had been called upon to look after his nephew, and he was devoutly hoping it would be the last.

When the packet entered the Tidal Harbor it was nearly

and Mr. Orde for the recovery of Edmund's person. All he said was: "Well, to be sure, your grace! And how do you do, sir? I see that leg's a bit stiff-like still."

Keighley had engaged rooms for Sylvester at the King's Head.

He seemed to think there would be no difficulty in securing two more, but Phoebe said that she must lose no time in rejoining Lady Ingham.

"It would be wiser to ascertain first that she is still there,"



"Loafers."

eight o'clock, and all four travellers were tired, chilled, and not in the best of spirits. The sight of Keighley's face, however, exercised a beneficial effect on two of the party: Edmund fell upon him with a squeal of joy, and Sylvester said, with a perceptible lightening of his frown: "Thank heavens! You may have him, John!"

"That's all right, your grace," said Keighley, grinning at him. "Now, give over, do, Master Edmund, till I have his grace's portmanteau safe!"

He was surprised to see Phoebe, and still more so when Tom hailed him; but he accepted with apparent stolidity Sylvester's explanation that he was indebted to Miss Marlow

Sylvester said, his frown returning. "May I suggest that you accompany us first to the King's Head while Keighley makes inquiries at the Ship?"

"No need to send Keighley," Tom interposed. "I'll go there. Take care of Phoebe till I get back, Salford!"

Phoebe was reluctant to let him go without her, for she felt it to be unfair that he should be obliged to bear the brunt of Lady Ingham's displeasure; but he only laughed, told her that it could stand a knock far better than she would be able to, and went off.

The King's Head was less fashionable than the Ship. Keighley thought that there was no one putting up there who was at all likely to recog-

nise his grace. He had engaged a parlor, and was soon able to assure Phoebe that there was a good bedchamber to be had if she should need it. Phoebe, who was sitting beside Edmund while he ate his supper, said "Thank you, but—oh, surely I shan't need it?"

"How can I tell?" Sylvester replied. "I must own I shouldn't expect Lady Ingham to kick her heels in Dover for so long, but you should know her better than I."

"I wrote to her," she faltered. "She must have known I should return. Or, if I did not, that Tom would."

"Then no doubt she is awaiting his arrival," he said.

It was his indifferent voice again; she said no more, but as Edmund finished his supper she took him away and put him to bed. A plump chambermaid came to offer her services and, as Edmund took an instant liking to her, Phoebe was able to leave him to her supervision.

It seemed probable that he would detain her for a considerable period, entertaining her with his saga, for, as Phoebe closed the door behind her, she heard him say chattily. "I am a great traveller, you know."

She found, on re-entering the parlor, that Tom had returned from his mission. He was talking to Sylvester, and she saw at once that he was looking grave. She paused, an anxious question in her eyes. He smiled at her, but what he said was: "She ain't there, Phoebe. Seems to have gone back to London."

Her eyes went from his face to Sylvester's. Sylvester said: "Come and sit down, Miss Marlow! It is disappointing for you not to find her here, but of no great consequence, after all. You will be with her by tomorrow evening."

"To have gone back to London! She must be very vexed with me!"

"Nothing of that!" Tom said in a heartening tone. "She never had your letter. Here it is! You'd have thought the gudgeons would have forwarded it to London, but not they!"

"Then she cannot know where I went! All these days—What must she be thinking?"

"Well, she knows I was with you, so she can't have thought you'd fallen into the sea, at all events. I only hope she ain't thinking I've eloped with you!"

She pressed a hand to her temple. "Oh, she must know better than that! Was she alarmed? Did she try to discover where we had gone, or—what did they tell you at the Ship?"

"Precious little!" confessed Tom. "What I did discover is that your grandmother had a spasm, or some such thing, and went back to London the day after we disappeared, in rather queer stirrups. They had a doctor to her, but she can't have been very bad, you know, or she couldn't have travelled."

But Phoebe, quite appalled, had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"My dear Thomas," said Sylvester in an amused tone, "Lady Ingham's spasms are her most cherished possession! She adopted them years ago, and must find them invaluable, for, while they never interfere with her pleasures, they always intervene to prevent her being obliged to engage in anything that might bore her. Depend upon it, she posted back to town to pour out her troubles to Halford."

"I dare say that's exactly so," agreed Tom. "You know I had the deuce of a time bringing her up to the scratch at all. It's plain enough what happened. I let go the rein and she bolted back to the stable. No need to fall into a fit of the dials, Phoebe."

"How can I help but do so?" she said. "I have been so troublesome to her—"

She broke off, turning away her face. After a short pause she said more quietly: "She left no message?"

"Well," said Tom reluctantly, "only about our baggage! Muker told them at the Ship that if anyone was to ask for it they were to be told it was at the coach-office."

"Very sensible," said Sylvester, walking over to the

To page 43

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● The heart of Dominique, an unhappy French teenager, is exposed in the film "A Certain Smile," from the best-selling novel of the same name by youthful French author Francoise Sagan.



JOAN FONTAINE (above), as Francoise Ferrand, the wise and poised wife for whose husband Dominique confesses her love.



ROSSANO BRAZZI (left), in the role of Luc Ferrand, an experienced man of the world, who expects Dominique to accept his own set of terms when they have a love affair.

SINGER Johnny Mathis (standing) entertains the guests in the restaurant sequence above. Seated, from left, are Joan Fontaine, Musaffer Tema, Christine Carere, and Rossano Brazzi.



CHRISTINE CARERE plays the teenage heroine Dominique in Fox's De Luxe color, CinemaScope version of "A Certain Smile."

FILM PREVIEW: MEXICAN SETTING



GREGORY PECK, as Douglass, who sought revenge.



JOAN COLLINS, as Josefa, who changed her mind.



Veteran director Henry King (74) flew his own plane on three location-scouting trips into Mexico. Here, between takes, he talks to stars Peck and Collins. Note bags with belongings by the chairs.



The visiting American film unit took over this Mexican village square and then provided seats for visitors and actors not then appearing in the scene being shot in the background.



While cast and crew rested, enthusiasts Barry Coe and Joan Collins turned siesta time into gin-rummy time when the unit was on location on a plateau high in the Mexican mountains.

Noted for his careful rehearsal before filming action, director King checks with his technicians on this shot of Peck during the pursuit of the escaped bandits.



Secondary romantic team of Barry Coe and former beauty queen Kathleen Gallant rehearse for a scene, unperturbed by the presence of the curious sightseers to be seen at the right.

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sideboard. "Obviously she guessed you would be returning. Miss Marlow, I know your tastes too well to hope you will let me pour you out glass of sherry, so ratafia it must be."

"She accepted the glass he handed her, and sat holding it. 'At the coach-office—she called for! She thought, then—She believed me capable of deserting her?'"

"More likely took a pet," said Tom.

"Much more likely," said Sylvester. "Madeira or sherry, Thomas? Until we confront Lady Ingham, Miss Marlow, it must be all conjecture—and singularly profitless. I'll engage to convince her that without your aid Edmund would have been irrevocably lost to me."

"You have said yourself, Duke, that I had nothing to do with his recovery," she said, with a faint smile. "It is quite true, moreover."

"Oh, I shan't tell her that!" he promised.

"But I shall!"

"Thank heavens she didn't take our baggage back to Green Street!" said Tom somewhat hastily. "I'm going with Keighley to collect it the first thing tomorrow morning, and shan't I be glad to be able to leave off the clothes I have on!"

"When I consider," said Sylvester, "that the shirt you are wearing is mine, not to mention the neckcloth, and that I could very ill spare them, I resent that remark, Thomas!"

Phoebe, recognising an attempt to give her thoughts a more cheerful direction, dutifully laughed, and made no further reference to Lady Ingham. A waiter came to lay the covers for dinner; and a perfectly spontaneous laugh was drawn from Phoebe when Tom, as soon as the first course was laid before them, recommended his host to send it back to the kitchens at once.

"Send it back?" repeated Sylvester, taken off his guard. "Why should I?"

"To puff off your consequence, of course. Ask the waiter if he knows who you are! And if you have any trouble, offer to buy the place. We are accustomed to being entertained in the first style of elegance, I can tell you!"

Fascinated, Sylvester demanded the whole history of the journey to Abbeville. He was so much amused by it that he retaliated with a graphic account of Sir Nugent Fotherby's warm welcome to himself, which he had not hitherto thought in the least diverting. Not only present anxieties were forgotten, but past quarrels, too.

The good understanding that had been reached at the Blue Boar seemed to have returned; and Tom, seeing how easily Phoebe and Sylvester were sliding into their old way of exchanging views on any number of subjects, was just congratulating himself on the success of his tactics when an unthinking remark destroyed all the comfort of the evening. "Like the villain in a melodrama!" Sylvester said, wiping the mischievous smile from Phoebe's lips, bringing the color rushing into her cheeks, transforming her from the gayest of companions into a stiff figure reminding Tom forcibly of an effigy.

Constraint returned. Sylvester, after the tiniest of checks, continued smoothly enough, but the warmth had left his voice; he had withdrawn behind his film of ice, perfectly affably and quite unapproachably.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Tom gave it up in despair. He had a very fair notion how matters stood, but there seemed to be nothing he could do to promote a lasting reconciliation. He was pretty sure Sylvester had forgotten Ugolino when he had uttered that unfortunate remark, but it was useless to say that to Phoebe. She was so morbidly sensitive about her wretched romance that even the mention of a book was liable to overset her. And however little Sylvester had remembered "The Lost Heir" when he spoke of a villain, he was remembering it now.

Phoebe retired immediately she rose from the dinner-table, Sylvester merely bowing when she said that she was tired, and would bid them goodnight. And when he had closed the door on her retreating form, Sylvester turned, and said, smiling: "Well, what is to be, Thomas? Piquet? Or shall we try whether there is a chessboard to be had?"

It was really quite hopeless, thought Tom, deciding in favor of chess.

He ate a hasty breakfast next morning, and went off with Keighley to the coach-office. When he returned, he found Sylvester standing by the window and reading a newspaper, and Phoebe engaged in the homely task of wiping the egg-stains from Edmund's mouth. He said: "I've got all our gear downstairs, Phoebe. Keighley's waiting to know which of your valises you wish him to take up to your room. And I found this as well: here you are!"

She took the letter from him quickly, recognising Lady Ingham's writing. "The smaller one, if you please, Tom. Edmund! Where are you off to?" "Must speak to Keighley!" Edmund said importantly, and dashed off in the direction of the stairs.

"Unfortunate Keighley!" remarked Sylvester, not looking up from the newspaper.

Tom departed in Edmund's wake, and Phoebe, her fingers slightly trembling, broke the wafer that sealed her letter, and spread open the single, crossed sheet. Sylvester lowered the newspaper and watched her. She did not say anything when she had finished reading the letter, but folded it again, and stood holding it, a blind look in her eyes.

"Well?"

She turned her head towards the window, startled. She had never heard Sylvester speak so roughly, and wondered why he should do so.

"You may as well tell me. Your face has already informed me that it is not a pleasant missive."

"No," she said. "She supposed me—when she wrote this—to have persuaded Tom to take me home. I think Muker must have encouraged her to think it, to be rid of me. She is very jealous of me. She may even have believed me to be running away with Tom. That—that was my fault."

"Unnecessary to tell me that! You have a genius for bringing trouble upon yourself."

She looked at him for a moment, hurt and surprise in her eyes, and then turned away, and walked over to the fire. She found it a little difficult to speak, but managed to say: "I am afraid I have. I seem always to be tumbling into a scrape. Hoydenish, my mother-in-law was used to call me, and did her best to teach me prudence and propriety. I wish she had succeeded."

"You are not alone in that wish!" he said savagely.

The harsh, angry voice was having its inevitable effect on her: she began to feel sick, inwardly shivering, and was obliged to sit down, digging her nails into the palms of her hands.

"You tumbled into a scrape, as you are pleased to call it,

when I first made your acquaintance!" he continued. "It would be more correct to say that you flung yourself into it, just as you flung yourself aboard that ship! If you choose to behave like a hoyden it is your own affair, but that is never enough for you! You don't scruple to embroil others in your scrapes! Thomas has been a victim, I have been one—and now it is your grandmother! Does she cast you off? Do you think yourself hardly used? You have no one but yourself to thank for the ills you've brought on your own head!"

She listened to this tirade, rigid with shock, scarcely able to believe that it was Sylvester and not a stranger who hurled these bitter accusations at her. The thought flitted across her brain that he was deliberately feeding his wrath, but it was



"Corn plasters?"

overborne by her own anger, which leaped from a tiny spark to a blaze.

He said suddenly, before she could speak: "No—no! It's of no use! Sparrow, Sparrow!"

She hardly heard him. She said in a voice husky with passion: "I have one other person to thank! It is yourself, my lord Duke! It was your arrogance that caused me to make you the model of my villain! But for you I should never have run away from my home! But for you no one need have known I was the author of that book! But for you I should not have flung myself aboard that schooner! You are the cause of every ill that has befallen me! You say I ill-used you: if I did you are wonderfully revenged, for you have ruined me!"

To her astonishment, and, indeed, indignation, he gave the oddest laugh. As she glared at him he said in the strangest voice she had yet heard: "Have I? Well—if that's so, I will make reparation! Will you do me the honor, Miss Marlow, of accepting my hand in marriage?"

Thus Sylvester, an accomplished flirt, making his first proposal.

It never occurred to Phoebe that he had shaken himself off his balance, and was as self-conscious as a callow youth just out of school. Still less did it occur to her that the laugh and the exaggerated formality of his offer sprang from embarrassment.

He was famed for his polished address; she had never, until this day, seen him lose his mastery over himself. She believed him to be mocking her, and started up from her chair, exclaiming: "How dare you?"

Sylvester, burning aware of his own clumsiness, lost no time in making bad worse. "I beg your pardon! you mistake! I

Sylvester

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had no intention—Phoebe, it was out before I well knew what I was saying! I never meant to ask you to marry me—I was determined I would not! But—" He broke off, realizing into what quagmires his attempts to explain himself were leading him.

"That I do believe!" she said hotly. "You have been so obliging as to tell me what you think of me, and I believe that, too! You came to Austerby to look me over, as though I had been a filly, and decided I was not up to your weight! Didn't you?"

"What next will you say?" he demanded, an involuntary laugh shaking him.

"Didn't you?"

"Yes. But have you forgotten how you behaved? How could I know what you were when

"How green of me not to have known immediately how it would be! You must forgive me! Had I dreamt that my lack of conduct would attach you to me I would have assumed the manners of a pattern of propriety whenever you came within sight of me! You would then have been spared the mortification of having your suit rejected, and I should have been spared an intolerable insult!"

"There was no insult," he said, very pale. "If I phrased it—if it sounded to you as though I meant to insult you, believe that it was not so! What I said to you before, I said because the crazy things you do convinced me you were not the wife that would suit me! I wanted never to see you again after that night at the Castle-reaghs—I thought so, but it wasn't so, because when I did see you again—I was overjoyed."

Not a speech worthy of a man who made love charmingly, but Sylvester had never before tried to make love to a lady seething with rage and contempt.

"Were you, indeed?" said Phoebe. "But you soon recovered, didn't you?"

Nettled, he retorted: "No, I only tried to! Stop ripping up at me, you little shrew!"

"Phoebe, don't you mean to change your dress?" said Tom, entering the room at this most inauspicious moment. "Keighley took your valise up—" He broke off, dismayed, and stammered: "Oh, I b-beg pardon! I didn't know—I'll go!"

"Go? Why?" Phoebe said brightly. "Yes, indeed, I mean to change my dress, and will do so immediately!"

Tom held the door for her, thinking that if only Sylvester, interrupted in the middle of an obvious scene, would drop his guard, grant him an opening, he could tell him just how to handle her. He shut the door, and turned.

"Thomas! This sartorial magnificent! Are you trying to put me to the blush!" said Sylvester quizzingly.

They left Dover just after eleven o'clock, by which time Miss Marlow had quarrelled with both her escorts. Emerging from her bedchamber in the guise of a haughty young lady of fashion, she encountered Tom, and instantly asked him whether he had recovered the money he had left in his portmanteau. Upon being reassured on this point, she asked him if he would hire a chaise for their conveyance to London. "No," said Tom, never one to mince his words. "I've got a better use for my blunt!"

"I will repay you, I promise you!" she urged.

"Much obliged? When?" said Tom brutally.

"Grandmama—"

"Mighty poor security! No, I thank you!"

"If she will not do it I'll sell my pearls!" she declared.

"That would make me cut a fine figure, wouldn't it?"

"Tom, I don't wish to travel at Salford's expense!" she blurted out.

"That's easily settled. Sell your pearls and pay him!"

She said stiffly: "If you won't do what I particularly wish, will you at least request the Duke to tell you how much money he has expended on my behalf since we left Abbeville?"

"When I make a cake of myself it will be on my own account, and not on yours, Miss Woolly-trown!" said Tom.

Two vehicles had been provided for the journey. One was a hired post-chaise, the other Sylvester's own phaeton, and to each was harnessed a team of four horses. They were job horses, but they had been chosen by Keighley, and therefore, as Master Rayne pointed out to his uncle, prime cattle. When Tom brought his haughty charge out of the inn he found Master Rayne seated already in the phaeton and Sylvester standing beside it, drawing on his gloves. He went up to him, exclaiming: "Are you driving yourself all the way to London, Salford?"

"I am," replied Sylvester. "I would offer to take you with me, but I'm afraid Keighley must have that seat."

"Yes, of course, but you don't mean to take Edmund, too, do you? Had you not better let him come with us in the chaise?"

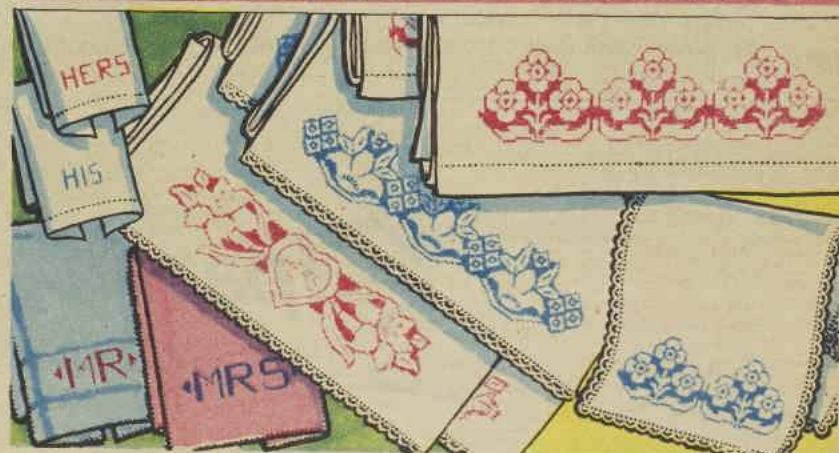
"My dear Thomas, my only reason for telling Keighley to bring my phaeton to Dover was to save that brat as much travel-sickness as I could! He is invariably sick in closed carriages, and never in open ones. Will you accompany Miss Marlow? I hope she will not find the journey too fatiguing; we are a little late in starting, but we should reach town in time for dinner."

Tom, though strongly of the opinion that Sylvester, in his present humor, would be happy to part with his nephew on any terms at the end of the first stage, raised no further demur, but went back to hand Phoebe up into the chaise.

For the first five miles not a word was uttered within this vehicle, but at Lydden Phoebe (recovering a trifle, in her faithful friend's opinion, from the sullens) asked Tom where he meant to put up in London.

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"At Salford's house. He has invited me to spend a few days there. As long as I choose, in fact."

"Good gracious!" said Phoebe. "What an honor for you! No wonder you were so unwilling to oblige me! I must be quite beneath your touch!"

"You'll precious soon wish you were beneath my touch, if you don't take care, my girl!" said Tom. "If you've any more pretty morsels of wit under your tongue, reserve 'em for Salford! He's far too well bred to give you your deserts; I ain't!"

Silence reigned for the next mile. "Tom," said Phoebe in a small voice.

"Well?"

"I didn't mean to say that. It was a horrid thing to say! I beg your pardon."

He took her hand and gave it a squeeze. "Pea-goose! What's the matter?" He waited for a moment. "I know I walked smash into a turn-up between you and Salford. What are you trying to do? Break your own silly neck?"

She withdrew her hand. "Excuse me, Tom, if you please! It would be quite improper in me to repeat what passed between us. Pray say no more!"

"Very well," said Tom. "But don't you choke yourself with pride, Phoebe!"

At Sittingbourne a halt was called, and the travellers partook of refreshment at the Rose. When they came out of the inn again, and Tom was about to hand Phoebe into the chaise, Sylvester said: "Do you care to tool the phaeton for a stage or two, Thomas?"

"By Jove, yes—if you think I shan't overturn it!" Tom replied with a rueful grin. "And if—" he hesitated, glancing at Phoebe.

"Do just as you wish!" she replied at once. "I can very well finish the journey in one of the Accommodation coaches!"

Sylvester turned and strode towards the phaeton. "Get in!" said Tom curtly. He added, as he took his seat beside Phoebe: "That's the first time I've ever been glad you are not my sister!"

She returned no answer. Scarcely half-a-dozen sentences were exchanged during the remainder of the journey; but although Phoebe pretended to be asleep for the greater part of the way, sleep was never farther from her, so torn was she by conflicting emotions. Beside her Tom sat gazing out of the window, wondering what Sylvester could have said to have made her so angry; and wishing that there was something he could do for Sylvester, even if it were no more than relieving him of Edmund's company.

But Keighley was shielding Sylvester from Edmund. "Give over plaguing his grace, Master Edmund!" said Keighley. "Now, that's quite enough, Master Edmund!"

It was after six when the carriages drew up in Berkeley Square before Salford House. "Why do we stop here?" demanded Phoebe.

"To set down my portmanteau, of course," replied Tom, opening the chaise-door. "Also, I dare say, to allow Salford to take leave of you! Try for a little civility!"

He climbed down from the chaise as he spoke. The doors of the great house were already flung open, and several persons emerged. "Reeth, Reeth, I've been to France!" shouted Edmund, dashing up the steps.

"Where's Button?" She'll be 'stonished when she hears the things I've done! Oh, Button, I have needed you! Did you miss me, Button? Phoebe doesn't do things the right way. Do you know, I had to tell her, Button?"

"Repellent brat!" remarked Sylvester. "Reeth, Mr. Orde is staying with me for a few days: take care of him for me!"

Will you go in with him, Thomas? I'll escort Miss Marlow to Green Street."

This scheme seemed so fraught with disaster that Tom could not help saying in an urgent undertone: "I wouldn't, Salford! Leave her to come about!"

"Go in with Reeth, Thomas: I shall be with you presently," replied Sylvester, as though he had not heard this advice.

HE mounted into the chaise, and almost before the door was shut grasped Phoebe's hands, saying: "Phoebe, you must listen to me! I know I made wretched work of it; I can't explain it to you now—there is too little time—but I won't let you go like this! You can't think I would ask you to marry me in jest, or to insult you!"

"You have told me already that you never meant to ask me," she replied, trying to pull her hands away. "I fancy you will be truly thankful, when you have recovered from the mortification of having your suit rejected, that I didn't snap at so brilliant an offer. Will you please to release me, my lord Duke?"

"But I love you!" he said, gripping her hands rather more tightly.

"You are very obliging, but I cannot return your affection, sir."

"I'll make you!" he promised.

"Oh, no, you will not!" returned Phoebe, thoroughly ruffled. "Will you let me go? If you have no more conduct than to behave in this fashion in the middle of the street, I have! Make me love you, indeed! If I were not so angry, I could laugh to think how exactly I hit you off when I wrote of Ugolino that, try as he might to appear conciliating, he could not open his lips without betraying his arrogance!"

"Do you call it arrogance when I tell you that I love you and wish to make you my wife?" he demanded.

"Yes, and folly, too! You have never suffered a rebuff, have you, Duke? When any female has shown herself not to be disposed to like you it has been a sport with you to make her like you very much too well, I dare say, for her comfort. You even lay bets that where others have failed you will succeed!"

"What nonsense is this?" he exclaimed. "I?"

"Yes, you. Was there not an heiress who was called the Citadel? Or are your conquests too numerous to be remembered by you?"

"I remember," he said grimly. "You had that from lanthe, did you? Did she also tell you that it was a piece of funning between my brother and me—discreditable, if you like, but never meant to go beyond the pair of us?"

"In fact, you didn't storm the Citadel, Duke?"

"Phoebe, must you throw in my face the follies I committed when I was a boy?"

"I would not if you had outgrown that conceit! But you haven't! Why did you make yourself so agreeable to me? You must have had a great deal of practice, I think, for you did it beautifully! If I had not known what your object was I am sure you must have succeeded in it! But I did know! Tom told you that I ran away from Austerly because the thought of becoming your wife was repugnant to me, and you were so piqued that you determined I should fall in love with you, and afterwards be sorry!"

He had so entirely forgotten that pettish resolve that he was thunderstruck.

"Well?" said Phoebe, watching him. "Can you deny it, Duke?"

He released her hands at last, and uttered his crowning blunder. "No. I was piqued,

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I did, in a fit of conceit—arrogance—anything you please to call it!—form some such contemptible scheme. I beg you to believe it was of very short duration!"

"I don't believe it!" declared Phoebe.

The chaise turned into Green Street. Miss Marlow, having discharged much of the wrath she had been obliged to keep bottled up for so many painful hours, had begun to feel very low. The creature beside her, not content with humiliating her in public, and regarding all the disagreeable experiences she had undergone on his behalf with indifference and ingratitude, had stormed at her, and insulted her, and now, when any but a monster of cold-hearted self-consequence must have known how tired and miserable she was, and how desperately in need of reassurance, he sat silent. Perhaps he needed encouragement? She gave it him.

"Having become acquainted with your other flames, Duke—all diamonds of the first water—I should have to be uncommonly green to believe that you preferred me! You asked me to marry you because you are

temper is. I promise you she shall not be angry with you, if only I may see her first."

"You are very good, Duke, but I assure you I need no intervention!" she said proudly.

The door opened. Horwich ejaculated: "Miss Phoebe!" He then encountered a most unnerving stare from Sylvester, and bowed, and stammered: "Your grace!"

"Have Miss Marlow's baggage carried into the house!" said Sylvester coldly, and turned again to Phoebe. It was clearly useless to persist in argument; so, knowing that Horwich was listening to every word he said, he held out his hand, and said: "I will leave you now, Miss Marlow. I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for what you have done."

"Will you present my compliments to Lady Ingham, and inform her that I hope to call upon her shortly, when I shall tell her—for I know well that you will not!—how deeply indebted to you I am? Goodbye! God bless you!" He bent, and kissed her hand, while Horwich, consumed with curiosity, goggled at him.



so determined not to be obliged to own yourself worsted that you will go to any lengths to achieve your object!"

Now or never was the time for Sylvester to retrieve his character! He said very levelly: "You need say no more, Miss Marlow. It would be useless, I realise, for me to attempt to answer you."

"If you wish to know what I think of you," said Phoebe, in a shaking voice, "it is that you are a great deal worse than Count Ugolino!"

He was silent. Well! now she knew how right she had been. He was not in the least in love with her, and very happy she was to know it. All she wanted was a suitable retreat, such as a lumber-room, or a coal-cellar, in which to enjoy her happiness to the full.

The chaise drew to a standstill, and Sylvester got out, and with his own hands let down the steps. Such condescension! Pulling herself together, Phoebe alighted, and said with great dignity: "I must thank you, Duke, for having been so kind as to have brought me back to England. In case we should not meet again, I should like, before we say goodbye, to assure you that I am not unmindful of what I owe you, and that I wish you extremely happy."

This very beautiful speech might just as well have remained unspoken, for all the heed he paid to it. He said: "I am coming in with you," and sounded the knocker.

"I beg you most earnestly not to do so!" she said, with passionate sincerity.

He took her hand in his. "Miss Marlow, let me do this one thing for you! I know Lady Ingham, and what her

me that you are delighted to find me here, if you please!"

"I don't have to tell you that," he said, bending over her. "But to have set out without me—I ought never to have written to tell you what had happened! I did so only because I was afraid you might hear it from some other source. My dear, have you been so anxious?"

"Not a bit! I knew you would bring him back safely. But it was a little too much to expect me to stay at Chance when such stirring events were taking place in London. Now, sit down and tell me all about it! Edmund's confidences have given rise to the wildest conjectures in my mind, and that delightful boy you have brought home with you thinks that perhaps I shall like to hear the story better from your lips. My dear, who is he?"

He had turned aside to pull forward a chair, and as he seated himself the Duchess saw him for the first time in the full light of the candles burning near her chair. Like Reeth, she suffered a shock; like Reeth, she recognised the look on Sylvester's face. He had worn it for many months after Harry's death; and she had prayed she might never see it again. She was obliged to clasp her hands together in her lap, so urgent was her impulse to stretch them out to him.

"Thomas Orde," he replied, smiling, as it seemed to her, with an effort. "A nice lad, isn't he? I've invited him to stay here for as long as he cares to: his father thinks it time he acquired a little town bronze." He hesitated, and then said: "I dare say he may have told you—or Edmund has—that he is a friend of Miss Marlow's. An adopted brother, as it were."

"Oh, Edmund was very full of Tom and Phoebe! But how they came to be mixed up in that imbroglio I can't imagine! Phoebe seems to have been very kind to Edmund."

"Most kind. It is rather a long story, Mama."

"And you are tired, and would rather tell it to me presently. I won't tease you, then. But tell me about Phoebe. You know I have a particular interest in her. To own the truth, it was to see her that I came to London."

He looked up quickly. "To see her? I don't understand, Mama! Why should you—?"

"Well, Louisa wrote to tell me that everyone believed her to be the author of that absurd novel, and that she was having a very unhappy time, poor child. I hoped I might be able to put a stop to such nonsense, but I reached London only to discover that Lady Ingham had taken her to Paris. I can't think why she shouldn't have written to me, for she must have known I would help Verena's daughter."

SYLVESTER said, "It's too late. I could have scotched the scandal! Instead—" He broke off and looked keenly at her. "I can't recall. Was my busy Aunt Louisa at the Castlereags' ball?"

"Yes, dearest."

"I see." He got up jerkily and moved to the fireplace, standing with his head turned a little away from the Duchess. "I am sure she told you what happened there."

"An unfortunate affair," said the Duchess calmly. "You were naturally very angry."

"There was no excuse for what I did. I knew her dread of—I can see her face now!"

"What is she like, Sylvester?" She waited, and then prompted: "Is she pretty?"

He shook his head: "No. Not a beauty, Mama. When she is animated, I believe you would consider her taking."

"I collect, from all I have heard, that she is unusual?"

"Oh, yes, she's unusual!" he said bitterly. "She blurs out whatever may come into her head; she tumbles from one outrageous escapade into another; she's happier grooming horses and hobnobbing with stablehands than going to parties; she's impertinent; you daren't catch her eye for fear she should start to giggle; she hasn't any accomplishments; I never saw anyone with less dignity; she's abominable, and hot tempered, frank to a fault, and—a darling!"

"Should I like her, Sylvester?" said the Duchess, her eyes on his profile.

"I don't know," he said, a suggestion of impatience in his voice. "I dare say—I hope so—but you might not. How can I possibly tell? It's of no consequence; she won't have me." He paused, and then said, as though the words were wrung out of him: "Oh, Mama, I've made such a mull of it! What am I to do?"

After a troubled night, during which she was haunted, waking or dreaming, by all the appalling events of the previous day, which had culminated in a shattering scene with Lady Ingham, Phoebe awoke to find the second housemaid pulling back the blinds, and learned from her that the letter lying on her breakfast-tray had been brought round by hand from Salford House not ten minutes earlier.

The housemaid was naturally agog with curiosity, but any expectation she had of being made the recipient of an interesting confidence faded before the seeming apathy with which Miss Phoebe greeted her disclosure. All Miss Phoebe wanted was a cup of tea; and the housemaid, after lingering with diminishing hope for a few minutes, left her sitting up in bed and sipping this restorative.

Once alone, Phoebe snatched up the letter and tore it open. She looked first at the signature. Elizabeth Salford was what met her eyes, and drew from her a gasp of fright.

But there was nothing in the letter to make her tremble. It was quite short, and it contained no hint of menace. The Duchess wished very much not only to make the acquaintance of a loved friend's daughter but also to thank her for the care she had taken of her grandson. She hoped that Phoebe would be able, perhaps, to visit her that day, at noon, when she would be quite alone, and they could talk without fear of interruption.

Rather a gratifying letter for a modest damsel to receive, one would have supposed, but the expression on Phoebe's face might have led an observer to conclude that she was reading a tale of horror. Having perused it three times, and failing to detect in it any hidden threat, Phoebe fixed her attention on the words, "I shall be quite alone," and carefully considered them. If they were meant to convey a message it was hard to see how this could be anything but one of reassurance; but if this were so Sylvester must have told his mother—what?

Thrusting back the bed-clothes, Phoebe scrambled out of bed and into her dressing-gown, and pattered down the stairs to her grandmother's room. She found the afflicted Dowager alone, and held out the letter to her, asking her in a tense voice to read it.

The Dowager had viewed her unceremonious entrance with disfavor, and she at once said in feeble accents, "Oh, heaven, what now?" But this ejaculation was not wholly devoid of hope, since she, too, had been told whence had come Miss Phoebe's letter. Poor Lady

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Ingham had slept quite as badly as her granddaughter, for she had had much to puzzle her.

At first determined to send Phoebe packing back to Somerset, she had been considerably mollified by the interesting intelligence conveyed to her (as Sylvester had known it would be) by Horwich. She had thought it promising, but further reflection had sent her spirits down again: whatever might be Sylvester's sentiments, Phoebe bore none of the appearance of a young female who had either received, or expected to receive, a flattering offer for her hand.

Hope reared its head again when a letter from Salford House was thrust upon her; like Phoebe, she looked first at the signature, and was at once dashed down. "Elizabeth!" she exclaimed in a flattened voice, "Extraordinary! She must have come on the child's account, I suppose. I only trust it may not be the death of her!"

Phoebe watched her anxiously while she mastered the contents of the letter, and when it was given back to her said imploringly: "What must I do, ma'am?"

The Dowager did not answer for a moment. There was food for deep thought in the Duchess's letter. She gazed incredulously before her, and the question had to be repeated before she said, with a slight start: "Do? You will do as you are bid, of course! A very pretty letter the Duchess has writ you, and why she should have done so—but she hasn't, one must assume, read that abominable book!"

"She has read it, ma'am," Phoebe said. "It was she who gave it to Salford. He told me so himself."

"Then he cannot have told her who wrote it," said the Dowager. "That you may depend on, for she dotes on Sylvester! If only she could be persuaded to take you up—But someone is bound to tell her!"

"Grandmama, I must tell her myself!" Phoebe said.

The Dowager was inclined to agree with her, but the

dimming of a future which had seemed to become suddenly so much brighter vexed her so much that she said crossly:

"You must do as you please! I cannot advise you! And I beg you won't ask me to accompany you to Salford House, for I am quite unequal to any exertion!"

"You may have the landau-let, and, for heaven's sake, Phoebe, try at least to appear the thing! You must wear the fawn-colored silk, and the pink—no, it will make you look hideously sallow! It will have to be the straw with the brown ribands."

Thus arrayed, Miss Marlow, shortly before noon, stepped into the landau-let, as pale as if it had been a tumbrel and her destination the gallows.

Such was the state of her mind that she would not have been surprised, on arrival at Salford House, to have been confronted by a host of Raynes, all pointing fingers of condemnation at her. But the only persons immediately visible were servants, who seemed, with the exception of the butler, whose aspect was benevolent, to be perfectly uninterested.

It was well for her peace of mind that she did not suspect that every member of the household who had the slightest business in the hall had contrived to be there to get a glimpse of her. Such an array of footmen seemed rather excessive, but if that was the way Sylvester chose to run his house it was quite his own affair.

The benevolent butler conducted her up one pair of stairs. Her heart was thumping hard, and she felt unusually breathless, both of which disagreeable symptoms would have been much aggravated had she known how many interested persons were watching from hidden points of vantage every step of her progress.

No one could have told whence the news that his grace had chosen a leg-shackle at last, and was finding his path proverbially rough; but everyone knew it, from the agent-in-chief down to the humblest kitchen-porter; and an amazing number

Continuing . . . Sylvester

[from page 45]

of these persons contrived to be spectators of Miss Marlow's arrival. Most of them were disappointed in her; but Miss Penistone and Button found nothing amiss.

Phoebe heard her name announced, and stepped across the threshold of the Duchess's drawing-room. The door closed behind her, but instead of walking forward she stood rooted to the ground, staring across the room at her hostess. A look of naive surprise was in her face, and she so far forgot herself as

me with this invitation—but I must not accept your hospitality without telling you—that it was I who wrote—that dreadful book!"

"Oh, you do look like your mother!" exclaimed the Duchess. "Yes, I know you wrote it, which is why I was so desirous of making your acquaintance! Come and give me a kiss! I kissed you in your cradle, but you can't remember that!"

Thus adjured, Phoebe approached her chair, and bent to plant a shy kiss on the Duchess's cheek. But the Duchess not only returned this chaste salute warmly but said: "You poor, foolish child! Now tell me all about it!"

To hear herself addressed so caressingly was a novel experience. Miss Battery was gruff, Mrs. Orde matter-of-fact, and Lady Ingham astringent, and these were the three ladies who had Phoebe's interests most to heart. She had never met with tenderness, and its effect was to make her tumble down on her knees beside the Duchess's chair, and burst into tears.

Such conduct would have earned her a sharp reproof from Lady Ingham, but the Duchess seemed to think well of it, since she recommended her unconventional guest to enjoy a comfortable cry, removed her hat, and patted her soothingly.

From the moment of discovering that Sylvester had lost his heart to Phoebe the Duchess had been determined to like her, and to put out of her mind all thought of the book she had written; but she had expected to find it hard to do either of these things.

It was one thing to nourish private doubts about her son; quite another to find him depicted as a villainous character in a novel that had taken the ton by storm. But no sooner did she see Phoebe and read the contrition in her frank eyes than her heart melted. It re-

joined, too, for although Sylvester had said that Phoebe was not beautiful she had not expected to find her a thin slip of a girl, with a brown complexion and nothing to recommend her but a pair of speaking grey eyes.

If Sylvester, who knew his own worth, and had coolly made out a list of the qualities he considered indispensable in his bride, had decided that only this girl would satisfy him, he had fallen more deeply in love than his mother had thought possible. She could have laughed aloud, remembering all he had once said to her, for there seemed to her to be no points of resemblance between Phoebe and that mythical wife he had described. She thought there would be some lively fights if he married Phoebe: certainly none of that calm, rather bloodless propriety which he had once considered to be the foundation of a successful alliance.

Well, the marriage might prove a failure, but the Duchess, who had conceived a profound dislike of five unknown but eligible ladies of quality, was much inclined to think that it might as easily turn out to be the making of both parties to it; and by the time the whole history of "The Lost Heir" had been sobbed into her lap, and a passionate apology offered to her, she was able to assure the penitent author, with perfect sincerity, that on the whole she was glad the book had been published, since she thought it had done Sylvester a great deal of good.

"And as for Count Ugolino's shocking conduct towards his nephew, that, my dear, is the least objectionable part of it," she said. "For as soon as you embroiled him in his dastardly plots, you know, all resemblance to Sylvester vanished. And Maximilian, I am afraid, is quite unlike my naughty grandson! From all Mr. Orde told me I feel that Edmund would have very speedily put Ugolino in his place!"

Phoebe could not help giving a tiny chuckle, but she said: "I promise you it was a coin-

cidence, ma'am, but he—the Duke—did not think so."

"Oh, he knew it was, whatever he may have said! Nor did he care a button for it. Lanthe has been spreading far worse stories about him (because more credible) for years, and he has treated them with perfect indifference. What he cared for was the sketch you drew of him when you first brought Ugolino on to your stage. It is not too much to say that that almost stunned him. Oh, don't hang your head! It was a salutary lesson to him, I believe."

"You see, my dear, I have lately been a little worried about Sylvester, suspecting that he had become—to use your word for him—arrogant. Perhaps you will feel that I should have noticed it long ago, but he never shows that side of himself to me, and I don't now go into company, so that I've no opportunity to see what he is to others. I am really grateful to you for telling me what no one else has liked to mention!"

"Oh, no, no!" Phoebe said quickly. "It was a caricature, ma'am! His manners are always those of a well-bred man, and there is no appearance in him of self-consequence. It was very wrong of me: he had given me no real cause! It was only —"

"Go on!" the Duchess said encouragingly. "Don't be afraid to tell me! I might imagine worse than the truth, you know, if you are not open with me."

"It—it seemed to me, ma'am, that he was polite not to honor others but himself!" Phoebe blurted out. "And that the flattery he receives—he doesn't notice because he takes it for granted—his consequence being so large. I don't know why it should have vexed me so. If he had seemed to hold others cheap I should only have been diverted, and that would have been a much worse fault in him. I think—it is his indifference that makes me so often want to hit him!"

The Duchess laughed. "Ah, yes, I understand that! Tell

To page 59

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 23, 1958



Bachelor Party

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

Not all bachelors are skilled cooks. However, the lack of kitchen know-how need not prevent any bachelor host from preparing an appetising and attractive spread of food for a dozen guests.

THE recipes on this page have been collected specially for the man who wants to entertain at home but realises he is not exactly a gourmet cook.

Each recipe is written in easy-to-follow stages. With basic kitchen equipment and an average-size stove, any enterprising bachelor could, particularly with the help of a friend, turn on a jolly party for 10 or more guests.

All spoon measurements used are level.

STUFFED EGG ROLLS

Six bread rolls, butter, lettuce leaves, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 small tin whole kernel corn, 2 tomatoes, 2 rashers bacon (cooked and cut into dice), salt and pepper.

Slice tops off rolls and scoop out soft bread centres, spread insides lightly with butter and line with lettuce leaves. Beat eggs lightly and mix in milk, place in saucepan and cook slowly until mixture resembles scrambled eggs. Add drained corn, diced tomatoes and bacon. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer 3 minutes and pile into bread-roll cases.

Arrange scooped-out rolls on serving platter and add egg mixture just before serving.

OPEN BEEF SANDWICHES

Nine slices bread cut slightly thicker than usual, butter, 1lb. fine hamburger mince, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, salt and pepper, 2 onions (sliced), 2 tomatoes (sliced).

Toast bread on one side only, spread other side with butter. Combine meat, egg, parsley, and sauces and spread right to the edges of buttered side of bread. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper and place tomato and onion slices on top. Place under a grill or in a moderate oven until meat is cooked. Serve hot.

Prepare right up to the stage of cooking beforehand.

TOASTED CHEESE SQUARES

Four slices white bread cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups grated tasty cheese.

Cut bread slices into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes and dip into eggs, which have been beaten with the milk. Lift out slices immediately and toss in grated cheese until all sides are well coated. Place on a greased oven tray and bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove to a heated plate, pierce each with a cocktail stick. Reheat before serving or leave arranged on oven tray until required.

SAVORY MEAT BALLS

One pound minced steak, 1lb. sausage meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, 1 egg, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, little pepper, 2 tablespoons flour.

Combine meats and add cheese, egg, chopped onion, crushed garlic, and all flavorings. Mix well and form into small balls, using flour on the hands. Fry in a large quantity of fat until browned. Serve hot. These meat balls could be made well ahead of time and reheated for 10 to 15 minutes before serving by placing in a moderate oven.

DEVILLED HAM DIP

Two 4oz. packages cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 red pepper, 4oz. ham, salt, pepper.

Mix cream cheese until soft, add mayonnaise, stir in sauce, finely chopped red pepper and ham; season to taste with salt and pepper. Chill in the refrigerator and serve with savory biscuits, bread, or toast slices or potato chips.

Finely chopped shallots, hard-boiled egg, or gherkin can be used as an alternative to the ham and red pepper.

SAVORY FINGERS

Half loaf bread, butter, 4oz. minced luncheon ham, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 2 tablespoons grated tasty cheese, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, salt and cayenne, stuffed olives.

Cut bread into thin slices, remove crusts, and spread lightly with butter and cut into finger-length pieces. Combine ham, chives, cheese, mayonnaise, salt and cayenne to taste, spread on to bread pieces, and garnish with slices of stuffed olives.

Suggested Variations:

Spread bread fingers with a combination of mashed sardines and finely chopped hard-boiled egg which have been flavored with a little lemon juice, horseradish, and Tabasco sauce.

Combine a small tin of mushrooms with a rasher or two of finely chopped cooked bacon, heat before spreading on bread pieces.

Place a slice of processed cheese on each bread finger and spread with a mixture of finely mashed tuna or salmon and finely chopped olives.

Cut salami into very small pieces and mix with a package of cream cheese, spread on to bread fingers, and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley before serving.

FOOD fit for a bachelor party includes a fine array of cheese squares, egg rolls, toasted meat slices, meat balls, oyster snacks, and plain prawns. The savory dip is surrounded with crisps, pretzels, olives, gherkins, and big cubes of Swiss cheese.

OYSTER CREAM SNACKS

One loaf thin Vienna bread, butter, 2 bottles oysters, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pepper, 1 jar cream, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, paprika or cayenne pepper.

Cut bread into slices and spread with butter. Drain oysters and sprinkle with vinegar and pepper. Whip cream until thick, add sauces and seasonings to taste. Spoon on to bread slices and top with one or two oysters. Place in the refrigerator until ready to serve.

CURRIED POTATO CRISPS

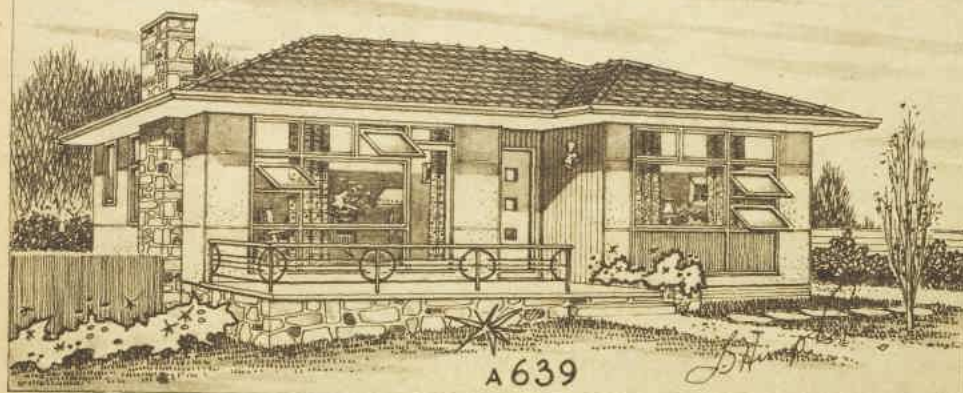
Spread two packages potato crisps on an oven tray and dust lightly with curry powder. Heat in a moderate oven 10 minutes and serve hot.

Garlic salt, onion salt, celery salt, or paprika can be used in place of the curry powder if desired.

These are simple to prepare, so they can be left as a last-minute job.



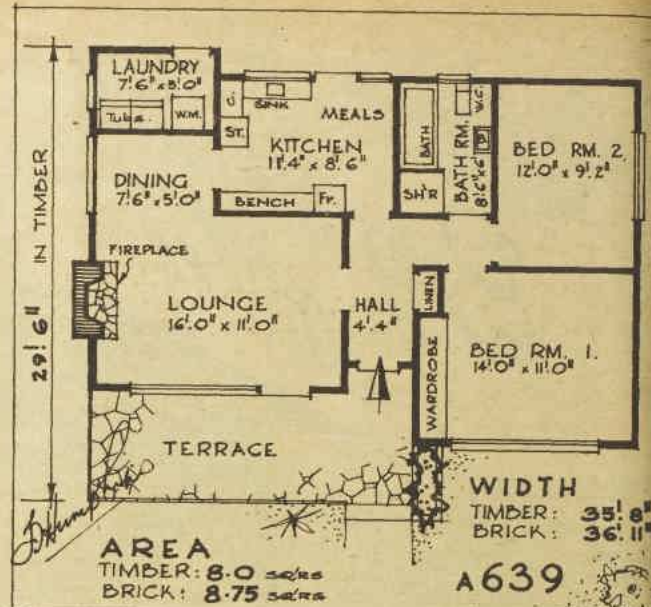
Charming small home



A639

ABOVE: Our Home Plan No. A639 in perspective. It is a small, compact, and inexpensive house with a lot of appeal, and is suitable for couples who do not want a large family home.

RIGHT: Floor plan of the house shows its attractive layout. A hall separates living-rooms from bedrooms. Bedroom 1 has a capacious, built-in wardrobe, and there is a linen cupboard in the hall.



● This week's signature plan by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys is a small and inexpensive home with a great deal of charm.

THE plan is available to readers at our Home Planning Centres and costs £7/7/- per set.

This week's design will fit any average block of land and is equally suited to town or country.

Modern windows and terrace combine gracefully with conventional features in the design. The house has an appearance of solidity that will not date.

Those features make the home a safe investment for young married couples or for retired people who no longer require a large family home.

Excellent ventilation is given by the hopper windows

that even in bad weather can be opened partially.

Wide overhanging eaves protect the rooms from high summer sun, but admit it in winter, thus making the house comfortable throughout the year.

A front terrace finished with a wrought-iron railing and colorful flower-box add to the appearance of the house.

Although the overall size of the house is small, there is a separate entrance hall and vestibule. This gives a good impression immediately on entering the home, preserves privacy, and makes the house easy to keep clean and tidy.

Bedrooms and living-rooms are separated by the hall. The

bedrooms are well out of view from the front door and living-room.

The L-shaped living-room opens to the front terrace. Floor-length sections of glass in the room give an outlook on to the garden.

A large open fireplace is a feature of the living-room, which extends to a small dining section with easy access to the kitchen.

Approximate cost of building this house would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £3750; timber, £2675; fibro, £2495.

In Victoria: Brick, £3350; brick veneer, £2975; timber, £2450; asbestos, £2350.

In South Australia: Brick, £2655; asbestos, £2285.

In Queensland: Brick, £3745; timber, £2450; fibro, £2325.

In Canberra: Brick, £3855; timber, £2775.

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STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS are compiled periodically from a selection of our standard plans. The leaflets available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans." Price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

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The resources of the stores in which our Home Planning Centres are established are available to home-builders. They are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. Also the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

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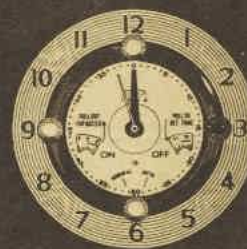
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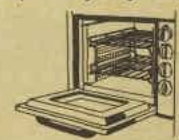
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Recipes win prizes

A malt-flavored cake that is perfect for a special occasion wins the main prize of £5 in this week's regular recipe contest for readers.

MALTED-MILK powder is used in the cream filling for this cake which has a layer of light, flaky pastry in the centre. Raspberry jam is also used, but other fruit flavors can be substituted if desired.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for fish rissoles with an unusual savory sauce.

The fish rissoles should appeal to those who like well-seasoned foodstuffs, and are ideal for a TV or buffet supper.

All spoon measurements are level.

MALTED CREAM CAKE

One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 4oz. flaky pastry, raspberry jam, and icing.

Malted Cream Filling: Two ounces butter, 8oz. icing-sugar (sifted), 2 tablespoons malted-milk powder, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Beat butter to a cream, add sugar, beat until dissolved; add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add milk and vanilla alternately with sifted flour and salt; mix together, place in two 8in. greased sandwich-tins. Bake 25 to 30 minutes

in a moderate oven, remove, and allow to cool. Roll pastry out thinly, and also bake in an 8in. sandwich-tin 12 to 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven, remove from oven, cool. Meanwhile prepare the filling as follows:

Malted Cream Filling: Cream butter, add sifted icing-sugar a little at a time, slowly add malted-milk powder and the dessertspoon of milk; beat until smooth. Spread one of the cakes with this mixture, place pastry on top, and spread other cake generously with raspberry jam; place on top of pastry, press all lightly together, and ice top with a rich butter icing tinted pink. Decorate top with more jam. Chill.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. I. Fisher, M.S.33, Beenleigh, Qld.

TUNA RISSOLES WITH BUFFET SAUCE

Half pound tin shredded tuna or salmon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mashed potato, 1 cup cooked rice, 2 cups fine breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, seasoned flour (pepper, salt, and paprika added to plain flour), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley.

Combine the tuna, onion, potato, rice in large basin; season with nutmeg, salt, pepper, parsley. Add 1 beaten egg and mix well. (Add some breadcrumbs if necessary to make a firmer consistency.) Roll heaped tablespoons of

mixture in seasoned flour, dip in remaining egg (beaten), and roll in fine breadcrumbs. Deep fry until golden-brown, drain on absorbent-paper. These can be served hot or cold, with Buffet Sauce.

Buffet Sauce: Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup vinegar, then add 2 tablespoons gherkin relish or finely chopped gherkin, 2 tablespoons chopped mustard pickle, and 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper. This sauce keeps well in refrigerator and does not need heating before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Cawley, 91 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.



MALTED CREAM CAKE, the main prizewinner in this week's regular recipe contest for readers, will delight all cake-eaters. See recipe.

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish features veal cooked with pineapple juice and served with cubed pineapple and rice. This dish has an appealing Chinese flavor; it costs 7/6 and serves four or five.

VEAL AND PINEAPPLE

One and a quarter pounds veal (cut from 2 shanks), 1 onion or 3 shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons fat, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup stock or water, 1 chopped tomato, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 cup drained diced pineapple (tinned or cooked), 3 tablespoons cornflour, cooked rice, lemon wedges.

Cut veal into 1-inch squares, cook gently in melted fat until veal loses pink color. Add chopped onion or shallots, celery, and salt and pepper; cook 5 minutes. Add pineapple juice, tomato, and stock or water, bring to boil. Cover and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour until meat is tender. Add pineapple, Worcestershire sauce, and vinegar, stir in blended cornflour, simmer 5 minutes. Serve with rice and lemon wedges.

Hints on dressing baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

● The amount of clothing your baby needs should be determined by the temperature.

BABY should be comfortably warm but not hot and perspiring. In a variable climate you should make necessary adjustments to baby's clothing from day to day and often during the day.

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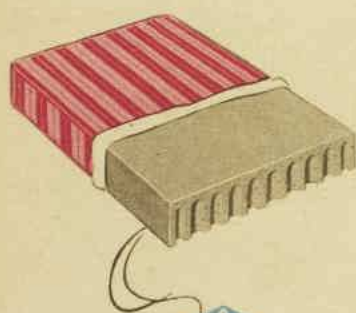
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MATTRESSES . . . PILLOWS . . . CUSHIONS . . . FURNITURE

NO WOMAN NEED BECOME ANAEMIC

Most women are anaemic at some time in their lives, though it is not nearly so common as it used to be. Gone are the pale, romantic maidens of Queen Victoria's time.

THERE is no need now for any Australian to go without the essentials for normal blood formation, but many still do — some through ignorance, some because they prefer such things as alcohol, but most through carelessness.

The housewife often feeds her family, then settles down to a cup of tea and a slice of bread and jam, poor stuff for making good red blood!

Besides, anaemia is twice as common in women and adolescent girls as in men.

Anaemia really means a shortage in the red blood cells of the red pigment, haemoglobin, which carries oxygen all over the body. There may be insufficient red blood cells or insufficient red pigment in each.

The red cells are manufactured in the bone marrow from a variety of substances, some of which are made in their parts of the body, while others are taken in the diet.

Difficulties

There can be difficulties in manufacture, and absence of certain essentials can stop production.

Even if the manufacturing side is perfect, many things can happen to the cells; certain germs, drugs, and chemicals may destroy blood, and a common problem is blood loss from ulcers in the stomach or duodenum, from piles, and even heavy periods.

There are also times in our lives when there are greater demands on our blood, and it becomes extremely important that our bodies should be supplied with the right materials.

If I tell you something about these times and about the right materials, you will be better off than if I give you a long list of symptoms

and say, "Go to the doctor if you get one."

After all, lots of very pale women have quite red lips, even without their lipstick, and are not anaemic at all.

And quite a lot of women who feel a bit tired and short of wind, and secretly imagine that they "have a heart," are suffering from anaemia that could be easily treated by attention to their diet.

You may be rather shocked to hear it, but liver injections are no good as a tonic.

Recent research work has established that liver and vitamin B₁₂ injections, which were once considered to have a general tonic effect, really have none.

Patients who were given injections of water did just as well as those who had liver injections or B₁₂, provided they all got a diet containing the essentials and believed they were getting the tonic.

The periods in life that make special demands on blood supplies include those of most active growth—infancy and adolescence.

The baby grows very fast from birth to two years, and anaemia is common, particularly in premature babies, twins, and children who have had a lot of infections, even just colds.

Milk, with its low iron content, is often their main article of diet, so you must be alert to the results of infections and the need for the dietary extras.

At puberty bodies demand extra iron and calcium and proteins for growth, and there's actually a big increase in the quantity of their blood.

All girls from puberty onwards lose blood regularly with their monthly periods; not a great deal of blood, and nothing that a normal girl can't cope with.

However, the blood has to be replaced, and the girls who are overworking or careless with their diet, and harassed

HELP FOR HOUSEWIVES by Clair Isbister,



Australian doctor and housewife. This is our third extract from her book, "What is Your Problem, Mother?"

young mothers may not always get the essentials.

Then there is pregnancy and lactation. Babies get all their body-building substances from their mothers.

During birth the mother loses more blood, and while she feeds the baby at the breast she passes sufficient iron into the milk to give her baby enough.

Artificially fed babies, on cow's milk for five months without extra food, often get anaemic because nature didn't arrange for a cow to add this extra iron to milk. Her calf goes out and chews grass at a very tender age.

It is estimated that the process of carrying, bearing, and feeding a child needs a third of the mother's iron and she has to supply it to the baby.

The baby of an anaemic mother is not anaemic at birth, because nature sees that it gets its requirements, but it soon becomes anaemic later on owing to a lack of reserves of iron.

What do we need for making blood? I've mentioned

iron several times, but the research chemists have identified many other substances that the body itself cannot make but which are needed.

They include vitamin B₁₂, folic acid, unknown factors that occur in yeast and liver, certain fats, and metals such as iron, copper, and cobalt.

Don't think you should suck pennies, or have vitamin B₁₂ injections. Most of these substances are needed in very small quantities and a good diet of meat, eggs, liver, cheese, and wholemeal cereals contains them all.

In certain illnesses, when food is not being properly absorbed from the bowel, folic acid or vitamins, for instance, may have to be added.

If the anaemia has already developed, single essential substances may have to be replaced in bigger quantities than the diet can supply.

But that is the doctor's job; just now I am talking about prevention.

Other substances are needed for the body to be able to use the essential materials.

You need vitamin C and the vitamin B group, and certain proteins.

To supply vitamin B, Vegemite, Marmite, and wholemeal bread are easy to get; oranges and tomatoes provide vitamin C.

Blood-making isn't just a matter of chemistry. Hormones are very important; thyroid, ovaries, pituitary, and adrenal glands all work together in harmony, and a discord can cause anaemia.

Many middle-aged women have a mild thyroid deficiency and the strange anaemia of Victorian times, which used to affect young girls so severely that they died, was partly due to iron deficiency, but also to some ovarian disturbance at puberty.

Not silly

It may sound silly, but it is true that happiness and emotional balance matter probably as much as balanced diet in preventing anaemia.

I must sound a funny doctor warning people against pills and potions, but I am talking about preserving health and preventing anaemia.

I prescribe iron pills for iron-deficiency anaemia, and injections for pernicious anaemia just the same as other doctors.

And I don't disapprove of those extra vitamins in hot milk at examination time or some extra iron and vitamins during pregnancy.

I'm pointing out that there are still many essential substances in the good food provided by nature that the scientists don't know about yet, so don't pin your faith on pills and tonics and refined foods.

NEXT WEEK
Headaches
and nerves

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writes Mrs. S., of Tempe, N.S.W.
"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's in the house and recommend it to my friends and to anyone that comes here with indigestion."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

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Beware the Crawling Stage

Baby MUST crawl before he walks. This era is blessedly short, but can be very dangerous. It's best to "baby-proof" a room by putting all dangerous objects out of reach and covering power points. Then mostly confine baby to that room. A movable gate is handy at this stage. A PRESENT FOR A NEW BABY is also accompanied by a little gift for the "older" baby by most thoughtful friends. Thus a toddler who might otherwise feel jealous of his new sister knows

he's still cared for. Baby hasn't had ALL the attention.

DAD PREPARED BABY'S TEA! At weekends, specially, most Dads enjoy helping with baby. A Heinz tea of Bone and Vegetable Broth followed by Heinz Pineapple with Rice will be no trouble for Dad to fix, and baby will thrive on the nourishment and goodness that's in all Heinz Baby Foods. Your chemist and grocer sell all varieties of Heinz Strained and Junior Foods.



HEINZ Baby Foods

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for young and older babies.

'If he is clean he is sick'

"How my ideas on cleanliness have changed!" writes Dr. Clair Isbister. "It isn't next to godliness any more."

"I KNOW all about germs and antiseptics, but I learnt from my children that there is good clean dirt—and how can a chap enjoy a game if he has to stay spick and span?"

"I have even learnt that babies can be washed too much."

"Children have to like feeling clean before they remember to wash their hands and faces properly; they say that doesn't happen to a boy until he's courting, though that does seem a bit late to start."

"But what do we gain by emphasising

the incredible grubbiness of the nine-year-old? Life is tough enough for him anyway."

"There's the gang to consider, and he's rough and noisy and clumsy and always in trouble."

"In fact, the poor confused child says, 'If you make a noise they tell you to keep quiet, and if you keep quiet they put a thermometer in your mouth.'"

"If he is clean and quiet and well-behaved, he is sick either in mind or body."



SURF whites can stand that close-up look

Any blouse can look white in the distance—but only true whiteness—whiteness with nothing to hide—can stand a really close look! That's the whiteness that Surf—and only Surf—can give your wash.

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And with Surf, the dirt is held clear of clothes—it can't re-enter the fabric. There's no scum to dull colours, and only one rinse is needed. Surf is as modern as a Paris hat! No other washday product can wash your clothes so clean, so sparkling bright. That's why only Surf whites can stand that close-up look!



Make this test with Surf—you actually see the dirt fall out.

SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH

Begonias make a show

There are many types of begonias — dwarf types only a few inches high when mature, fleshy varieties that are ten to 36 inches high, tall or bamboo varieties that grow to 8ft. or more, and the lovely Rex and tuberous-rooted begonias.

At this time of the year the Rex begonias are still holding their rather triangular-shaped leaves, but the tuberous-rooted species is dormant and leafless.

The bamboo begonias are usually evergreen in milder Australian areas, but may lose most of their foliage in very cold places.

Almost all begonias are frost-tender and need considerable protection during winter. Rex and tuberous-rooted begonias are usually grown under glass on the shady side, and the taller fibrous-rooted types outside, facing south, or in pots indoors in frosty districts.

Being closely allied to the succulents, begonias require brous soil that holds water well. A mixture of heavy loam and some sand, and plenty of rotted vegetable matter or old manure, suits them all.

In very sandy soil they require heavy manuring. Otherwise the wood hardens and the leaf and flower display may be poor.

Tuberous-rooted begonias may be planted out from August to November in well-drained, rich, sandy loam.

Rex begonias require slightly heavier soil as they are invariably evergreen and need moist conditions throughout the year.

Rex begonias are raised from seed, after their flowers set pods, from root divisions, or from leaf cuttings, which are nicked with a knife through the veins.

The stem end should be planted in a box and the nicked portions weighted down on to the compost or soil with small stones to make close contact.

They take root from the "nicks," and when they have



REX AND DECIDUOUS BEGONIAS on the bench of a semi-shaded glasshouse. When watering Rex begonias, do not wet the leaves as water-patch (brown blotches) may develop.

formed several small leaves, should be potted up in rich fibrous loam.

Tuberous-rooted begonias may be similarly treated, although most of them are grown from seed or corms.

Fibrous-rooted begonias are usually raised from stem cuttings, whether they are the dwarf, colorful B. semperflorens, or taller types like

attractive cerise flowers. Sedums, dwarf, soft-wooded rockery plants which grow to 18in., are also suitable for hanging baskets. They have pretty evergreen foliage, and yellow flowers in clusters.

Most types of begonias can be raised in the bushhouse in mild, coastal areas, or under glass in colder districts. They are decorative in leaf and in flower, and mix well with gloxinias, caladiums, and other semi-shade lovers.

Some of the best varieties of Rex begonias are Magnifica, Lord Palmerston, Perle de Paris, Rajah, and Beauty of Pembroke.

GARDENING

haageana, which has handsome red-hairy leaves with hanging clusters of rose-pink flowers.

The cuttings should be allowed to dry for several hours at the ends before being planted in propagation pots, or they will rot and not take root.

Included in the tuberous-rooted begonia family are the lovely pendulous hanging-basket types. These are easy to grow and make a magnificent display when in full flower.

Ruellia makoyana is a very hardy basket type, producing

PROBLEMS

Readers' garden problems will be solved by our garden expert if they write, giving full details and enclosing specimens of pests and diseases of plants. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address queries to "Garden Expert," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



BEGONIA METALLICA, fibrous-rooted type, medium height, with fleshy green leaves and heavy clusters of reddish flowers during autumn and early winter.



BEGONIA LUCERNA, a strong, shrubby type, with white-spotted leaves and large pink and red flowers. Tall grower, needing strong supports and southerly position.

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New Film Releases

★★★ WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION

United Artists trial drama, with Charles Laughton, Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power. Regent, Sydney.

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S celebrated courtroom drama makes strong, suspenseful film material in the hands of director Billy Wilder.

A great criminal lawyer nearing the end of his career, Laughton makes a comeback from ill health to conduct the defence of a charming though shiftless fellow accused of murdering a wealthy widow.

The Laughton technique is masterly, and it's hardly his fault that he's involved in a series of comic sequences grafted on to the original play.

A little the beat-up matinee idol these days, Power is just about satisfactory as the accused.

Miscast in easily the most taxing role of her lengthy career, Dietrich (looking like some carefully preserved ruin from the past) does as well, and even better, than might be expected.

Character actress Elsa Lanchester (Laughton's real-life wife) supplies a little too much theatrical comic relief as the nurse engaged to guard the great man from his brandy, cigars, and other indulgences.

Still with her ability to impart the finest points of outraged respectability, Una O'Connor is wonderful as the Scots housekeeper of the murdered woman.

In a word... **ABSORBING.**

★★★ NIGHTS OF CABIRIA

Italian drama, with Giulietta Masina, Amedeo Nazzari, Francois Perier, English sub-titles. Savoy, Sydney.

AS in "La Strada," director Federico Fellini and his brilliant actress wife, Masina, again spin their special blend of tattered magic.

Together they open the gates on a strange, timeless, and half-lit world of prostitutes and pimps, the deformed and the deranged, ugliness, and a queer, stark beauty.

On this occasion Masina is a little Roman street-walker whose incurable and childlike optimism survives two attempts by so-called lovers to kill her for her savings.

The characterisation is illuminated by a touching blend of compassion and comic awareness unique to Masina among screen actresses.

Admirable support comes from Nazzari as a film idol who picks up Cabiria in a moment of pique, and from Perier as a plausible rogue.

Fellini again demonstrates his extraordinary feeling for the pictorial quality of the littered waste areas on city outskirts and for the drama of the outcasts and derelicts who inhabit them.

Scene after scene is so beautifully composed that it might be the subject of a masterly painting.

In a word... **QUALITY.**

★ SING, BOY, SING

Fox musical drama, with Tommy Sands, Nick Adams, Lili Gentle. Plaza, Sydney.

TWO young men do a good deal to cancel out the more embarrassing and maudlin moments of this film exposing the high-pressure tactics used in the promotion of popular singing idols.

Sands, easily the most able and likeable of Presley's guitar-playing rivals (he can even move like an actor, and lacks Boone's smugness), makes his film bow as a rock-'n-roll singer with a fire-and-brimstone-preaching grandfather.

Sands' big problem is to choose between the fruits of show-business celebrity and the career of small-town preacher.

The uninhibited and curiously likeable Nick Adams is the hero-worshipping hick that Sands put on his payroll so that he'll have someone to talk to.

As the girl who lived next door, Lili Gentle could hardly be more negative.

However, as she's since married the son of wealthy director Darryl F. Zanuck, this is of no great account.

In a word... **OKAY.**

★ ST. LOUIS BLUES

Paramount musical, with Nat "King" Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, Ella Fitzgerald, Mahalia Jackson. Capitol, Sydney.

NAT "King" COLE makes—in jazz parlance—a "real cool" job of the leading role of Will Handy, first great American blues composer, in "St. Louis Blues."

The film, based on the life

OUR FILM GRADING

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

and work of W. C. Handy, who died just before the American premiere, featuring a terrific line-up of American negro jazz entertainers.

Eartha Kitt is the singer who helps make Handy famous; Pearl Bailey is as lightful as his warm-hearted aunt; Ella Fitzgerald is pictured as herself; Mahalia Jackson leads the church choir; and little actress Rita Dee is the girl he loves.

Handy, son of a Memphis clergyman who objects to anything other than church music, leaves his home and fiancée to compose the music he loves, including "St. Louis Blues."

When this song is eventually played by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of a great conductor, and Will's father hears his son praised for being the creator of a new type of American music, the family is reunited.

Only fault jazz fans will have with the film is that it whets the appetite but doesn't satisfy. A.M.B.

In a word... **COOL.**

NEW girl Tina Turner, whose love scenes with Aldo Ray in "God's Little Acre" sparked off an on-screen romance, has been signed by Paramount to a five-year contract. This could be the beginning, it is pointed out, of that studio's new plan to build up a whole new stable of fresh acting talent.

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he's not above being ed?"
"No, ma'am, never!" Phoebe ed her. "He is always le in company; not a bit Only—I don't know how I didn't mean to distress Pray, pray, forgive me!" the Duchess' smile went a awry. "You haven't dis- ed me. It distressed me to know that Sylvester still living in some desolate region—but it was only a moment! I don't think he ving there any longer."
"His brother, ma'am?" Phoebe ventured to ask, looking up into her face.
"The Duchess nodded. "His brother, they were not ate, but the bond between an was so strong that nothing ever loosened it, not even rry's marriage. When Harry Sylvester went away, I t mean bodily—ah, you understand, don't you? I might been sure you would, for now you to have a very erning eye. Sylvester has a re reserve. He will not have wounds touched, and that and—"

SHE broke off, and in said, after a little pause: "Well, he kept everyone at a distance for so long that I be- came, as it were, an engrained habit, and is he gave you the feeling that he was aloof—which ex- pectly describes him. I must tell you!" She smiled at Phoebe, took her hand. "As for my indifferent air, my dear, know it well—I have been acquainted with it for many years, and not only in Sylvester! It springs, as you correctly suppose, from pride. It is an inherited vice! Al- Raynes have it, and Sylvester to a marked degree. It is inborn, and it wasn't diminished by his succeeding, when he was much too young, his father's dignities. I al- ways did think that the worst thing that could have befallen him, but comforted myself with the thought that Lord William Rayne—he is Sylvester's uncle, was guardian to both my a for the two years that ere left of their minority—that William would quickly depress to top-loftiness in Sylvester. But unfortunately William, though the kindest man alive, only holds himself very much up but is also convinced that the Head of the House of Rayne is a far more august personage than the Head of the House of Hanover!"
"So, what with William tell- ing him never to forget how he was, and far too many people looking up to him as their liege-lord, I am afraid Sylvester became imbued with very improper notions, dear! And, to be candid with you, I don't think he will ever lose them. His wife, if he loved her, could do much to prove him, but she won't er his whole character."

"No, of course not, ma'am. mean—"
"Which, in some ways, is admirable," continued the Duchess, smiling a little at this embarrassed interjection, but saying no other heed to it, and the odd thing is that one of his best qualities spring directly from his pride! It could never occur to Sylvester that anyone could dispute hiseditary right of lordship. I can assure you that it could never occur to him either neglect the least one of the duties, however irksome, that attach to his position."

She paused, and then said: "The flaw is that his care for people doesn't come from heart. It was bred into him, accepts it as his inescapable duty, but he hasn't the love of humanity that inspires phil-

anthropists, you know. Towards all but the very few people he loves I fear he will always be largely indifferent. However, for those few there's nothing he won't do, from the high heroic to such tedious things as giving up far too much of his time to the entertainment of an invalid mother!"

Phoebe said, with a glowing look: "He could never think that tedious, I am persuaded, ma'am!"
"Good gracious, of all the boring things to be obliged to do it must surely be the worst! I made up my mind not to permit him to trouble about me, too, but—you may have noticed it!—Sylvester is determined to have his own way, and never more so than when he is convinced he is acting for one's good."

"I have frequently thought him—a trifle high-handed, ma'am," said Phoebe, her eye kindling at certain memories.
"Yes, I'm sure you have. His wife will have much to bear, I dare say, but she will never find him thought- less where her well-being is concerned."

Phoebe said, flushing: "Ma'am—you mistake! I—he—"

"Has he put himself beyond forgiveness?" inquired the Duchess quizzically. "He certainly told me he had, but I hoped he was exaggerating."

"He doesn't wish to marry me, ma'am. Not in his heart!" Phoebe said. "He only wished to make me sorry I had run away from him, and fall in love with him when it was too late. He couldn't bear to be beaten, and proposed to me quite against his will—he told me so himself!—and then, I think, he was too proud to draw back."

"Really, I am quite ashamed of him!" exclaimed the Duchess. "He told me he had made a mull of it, and that, I see, is much less than the truth! I don't wonder you gave him a set-down, but I am delighted to learn that all his famous address deserted him when he proposed to you! In my experience a man rarely makes graceful speeches when he is very much in earnest, be he never so accomplished a flirt!"

"But he doesn't want to marry me, ma'am!" averred Phoebe, sniffing into a damp handkerchief. "He told me he did, but when I said I didn't believe him—he said he saw it was useless to argue with me!"
"Good heavens, what a simpleton!"

"And then I said he was w-worse than Ugolino, and he didn't say anything at all!" disclosed Phoebe tragically.

"That settles it!" the Duchess declared, only the faintest of tremors in her voice. "I wash my hands of such a ninny! After having been given all this encouragement, what does he do but come home in flat despair, saying you won't listen to him? He even asked me what he should do! I am sure it was for the first time in his life!"

"F-flat despair?" echoed Phoebe, between hope and disbelief. "Oh, no!"

"I assure you! And very disagreeable it made him, too. He brought Mr. Orde up to take tea with me after dinner, and even the tale of Sir Nugent and the button failed to drag more than a faint smile from him!"

"He—he is mortified, per- haps—oh, I know he is! But he doesn't even like me, ma'am! If you had heard the things he said to me! And then—the very next instant—pro- posed to me!"

"He is clearly unhinged. I dare say you had no intention of reducing him to this sad state, but I feel you ought, in common charity, to allow him at least to explain himself. Very likely it would settle his mind, and it won't do for Salford to become addle-brained, you

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 47

know! Do but consider the consternation of the family, my dear!"

"Oh, ma'am—!" protested Phoebe, half laughing. "As for his not liking you," continued the Duchess, "I don't know how that may be, but I can't recall that he ever before described any girl to me as a darling!"

Phoebe stared at her incredulously. She tried to speak, but only succeeded in uttering a choking sound.

"By this time," said the Duchess, stretching out her hand to the embroidered bell-pull, "he has probably gnawed his nails down to the quick, or murdered poor Mr. Orde. I think you had better see him, my dear, and say something soothing to him!"

Phoebe, tying the strings of her hat in a lamentably lopsided bow, said in great agitation: "Oh, no! Oh, pray—!"

The Duchess smiled at her. "Well, he is waiting in anxiety, my love. If I ring this bell once he will come up in answer to it. If I ring it twice Reeth will come, and Sylvester will know that you would not even speak to him. Which is it to be?"

"Oh!" cried Phoebe, scarlet-checked, and quite distracted.

with perfect calm: "It was most kind in you to have given my mother the pleasure of making your acquaintance, Miss Marlow."

"I was very much honored to receive her invitation, sir," she replied, with even greater calm.

"Will you do me the honor of granting me the opportunity to speak with you for a few minutes before we go away?"

Her calm instantly deserted her. "No—I mean, I must not stay! Grandmama's coachman dislikes to be kept waiting for long, you see!"

"I know he does," he agreed. "So I told Reeth to send the poor fellow home."

She halted in the middle of the stairway. "Sent him home?" she repeated. "And, pray, who gave you—"

"I was afraid he might take a chill."

She exclaimed indignantly: "You never so much as thought of such a thing! And you wouldn't have cared if you had!"

"I haven't reached that stage yet," he admitted. "But you must surely own that I am making progress!" He smiled at her. "Oh, no, don't eat me!

"The Dark Enchantment" is exciting, haunting serial

● In next week's issue we begin a dramatic three-part serial, "THE DARK ENCHANTMENT," by a brilliant young English author, Audrey Erskine Lindop.

When Harriet Godden, desperate for a job, decided to answer the advertisement: "Gentleman requires companion for wife. Every comfort, lovely surroundings. Car provided. No housework," she never dreamt that it was to change her whole life . . . and her whole personality.

And later she was to wonder even if she had known would she have made a different decision.

And so begins the strange, haunting "The Dark Enchantment," the story of Lead Stewart, handsome, successful farmer, and his beautiful fairy-like wife, Liane. She needed a companion, so the neighbors whispered, because she was mad.

Don't miss next week's opening instalment of this spellbinding story.

"I can't—but I don't wish him to—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"Exactly what you wish to do, my dear—but you must tell him what that is yourself," said the Duchess, pulling the bell once.

"I don't know!" said Phoebe, wringing her hands. "I mean, he can't want to marry me! When he might have Lady Mary Torrington, who is so beautiful, and good, and well behaved, and—!" She stopped in confusion as the door opened.

"Come in, Sylvester!" said the Duchess calmly. "I want you to escort Miss Marlow to her carriage, if you please."

"With pleasure, Mama," said Sylvester.

The Duchess held out her hand to Phoebe, and drew her down to have her cheek kissed. "Goodbye, dear child: I hope I shall see you again soon!"

In awful confusion, Phoebe uttered a farewell speech so hopelessly disjointed as to bring a smile of unholy appreciation into the eyes of Sylvester, patiently holding the door.

She ventured to peep at him for one anxious moment, as she went towards him. It was a very fleeting glance, but enough to reassure her on one point: he did not look at all distracted. He was perhaps a little pale, but so far from bearing the appearance of one cast into despair he was looking remarkably cheerful, even confident. Miss Marlow, assimilating this with mixed feelings, walked primly past him, her gaze lowered.

He shut the door, and said

I promise you shall be sent back to Green Street in one of my carriages—presently!"

Phoebe, realising that he was affording her an example of the methods of getting his own way lately described to her by his mother, eyed him with hostility. "So I must remain in your house, I collect, until it shall please your grace to order the carriage to come round?"

"No. If you cannot bring yourself even to speak to me, I will send for it immediately."

She now perceived that he was not only arrogant but unscrupulous. Wholly devoid of chivalry, too, or he would not have done anything so shabby as to smile at her in just that way. What was more, it was clearly unsafe to be left alone with him: his eyes might smile, but they held besides the smile a very disturbing expression.

"It—it is—I assure you—quite unnecessary, Duke, for you to make me any—any explanation of—of anything!" she said.

"You can't think how relieved I am to hear you say so!" he replied, guiding her across the hall to where a door stood open, revealing a glimpse of a room lined with bookshelves. "I am not going to attempt anything of that nature, I assure you! I should rather call it disastrous than unnecessary! Will you come into the library?"

"What—what a pleasant room!" she achieved, looking about her.

"Yes, and what a number of books I have, haven't I?" said

Sylvester affably, closing the door. "No, I have not, I believe, read them all!"

"I wasn't going to say either of those things!" she declared, trying hard not to giggle. "Pray, sir, what is it you wish to say to me?"

"Just my darling!" said Sylvester, taking her into his arms.

IT was quite useless to struggle, and probably undignified. Besides, it was a well-known maxim that maniacs must be humored. So Miss Marlow humored this dangerous lunatic, putting her arm round his neck, and even going so far as to return his embrace. She then leaned her cheek against his shoulder, and said, "Oh, Sylvester! Oh, Sylvester!" which appeared to give great satisfaction. "Sparrow, Sparrow!" said Sylvester, holding her still more tightly.

Convinced by the great good sense of this reply that the Head of the House of Rayne had recovered his wits, Phoebe heaved a sigh of relief, and offered a further palliative. "I didn't mean that wicked thing I said to you!"

"Which one, my precious?" inquired Sylvester, relapsing into idiocy.

"That—that you are worse than Ugolino. I wonder you didn't hit me!"

"You know very well I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, Sparrow. I am sure this is a very smart hat, but do allow me to remove it!" he said, pulling the bow loose as he spoke, and casting the hat aside. "That's better!"

"I can't marry you after writing that book!" she said, softening the blow, however, by clinging rather closer.

"You not only can but must, if I have to drag you to the altar! How else, pray, is my character to be re-established?"

She considered this, and was suddenly struck by an inspiration. She raised her head, and said: "Sylvester! I know the very thing to do! I will write a book about you, making you the hero!"

"No, thank you, darling!" he replied with great firmness.

"Well, how would it be if I wrote a sequel to 'The Lost Heir,' and made Ugolino become quite steeped in infamy, and end up by perishing on the scaffold?"

"Sparrow, you are, without exception, the most incorrigible little wretch that ever drew breath! No!"

"But then everyone would know he couldn't be you!" she pointed out. "Particularly if I dedicated it to you—which I could do with perfect propriety, you know, if I were just to subscribe myself 'The Author.'"

"Now, that is a splendid thought!" he said. "One of those pompous epistles, with my name and style set out in large print at the head, followed by 'My Lord Duke'—which you are so fond of calling me—and then by several pages interlarded with a great many 'Your Graces,' and such encomiums as may occur to you, and—"

"None would occur to me! I should have to rack my brain for weeks to think of anything to say of you except that you are odiously arrogant, and—"

"Don't you dare to call me arrogant! If ever I had any arrogance at all—which I deny!—how much could I possibly have left after having been ridden over rough-shod by you and Thomas, do you imagine?" He stopped and turned his head towards the door, listening. "And that, if I mistake not, is Thomas! I think, don't you, Sparrow, that he deserves to be the first to offer us his felicitations? He did try so hard to bring us about!"

He went to the door and opened it, to find Tom, who had just been admitted into the house, about to mount the stairs. "Thomas, come into the library! I have something of an interesting nature to disclose to you!" He added, as his eyes alighted on the tight posy of flowers in Tom's hand: "Now, what's all this, pray?"

"Oh, nothing!" Tom replied, blushing but very off-hand. "I chanced to see them, and thought Her Grace might like to have them. She was saying last night that she missed the spring flowers at Chance, you know."

"Oh, indeed! Dangling after my mother, are you? Well, don't think I'll have you for a father-in-law, for I won't!" "I don't think that is at all a proper way to speak of Her Grace," said Tom with dignity.

"You are very right!" approved Phoebe, as he came into the room. "And the flowers are a very pretty attention: exactly what Mrs. Orde would say you ought to do!"

"Well, that's what I— Oh, by Jove!" Thomas exclaimed, looking from Phoebe to Sylvester in eager inquiry.

"Yes, that's it," said Sylvester.

"Oh, that's famous!" Tom declared, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I never was more glad of anything! After you were such a goose, too, Phoebe! I wish you excessively happy, both of you!" He then hugged Phoebe, recommended her to learn how to conduct herself with propriety, and said, with rare tact, that he would take himself off at once.

"You will find her in her drawing-room," said Sylvester kindly. "But you would be better employed, let me remind you, in making your peace with Lady Ingham!"

"Yes, I shall do so, of course, but later, because she don't like morning callers above half," replied Tom.

"What you mean," retorted Sylvester, "is that your nerves are losing their steel! Tell her that you left me on the point of writing to Lord Marlow, to request his permission to marry his daughter, and fear nothing! She'll fall on your neck!"

"I say, that's a dashed good notion!" exclaimed Tom, his brow clearing. "I think, if you've no objection, I will tell her that!"

"Do!" said Sylvester cordially, and went back into the library to find himself being balefully regarded by his love.

"Of all the arrogant things I've heard you say—"

"My Lord Duke!" interpolated Sylvester.

"—that remark was the most insufferable!" declared Phoebe. "What makes you so sure Grandmama will be pleased, pray?"

"Well, what else am I to think, when it was she who proposed the match to me?" he encountered, his eyes full of laughter.

"Grandmama?"

"You absurd infant, who do you suppose sent me down to Austerly?"

"You mean to tell me you came at Grandmama's bidding?"

"Yes, but with the utmost reluctance!" he pleaded outrageously.

"Oh—! Then—then when you sent me to her—Sylvester, you're atrocious!"

"No, no!" he said hastily, taking her in his arms again. He then, with great presence of mind, put a stop to any further recriminations by kissing her; and his indignant betrothed, apparently feeling that he was too deeply sunk in depravity to be reclaimable, abandoned (for the time being, at all events) any further attempt to bring him to a sense of his iniquity.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning July 21



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a romance.

★ The tempo speeds up as you enter a new orbit. Luck plays a part. A new personality on your horizon is constantly in your thoughts and love may dawn in surprising fashion. Older subjects are warmed by its gentle rays. Active social life; popularity brings new interests and fresh opportunities. All this may be expensive, but worthwhile.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck on your doorstep.

★ Tripping abroad, you'll miss many a pleasant invitation. Stick to friends close at hand and you will experience happiness in small ways. A visit to your home offers you suggestions for adding variety or more colorful outlook to your routine. You have a chance to charm someone with your skill at informal entertaining.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the printed word.

★ This is a time for sorting out minor problems. You will find solutions by reading a book magazine or newspaper. Adhere what you discover to your personal affairs. A good time to make written applications or sign contracts. Business openings occur; you may be undecided between the old and the new. Love affairs are up in the air.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 21 — JULY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in finance.

★ Money and saving concern you this week. Remember that counting the pennies helps those dreams come true. You have a target which makes the sacrifices easier. There is generosity as well as thrift in your sign. You may surprise those you love best with a wonderful gift, or as a voluntary worker, help raise a substantial amount.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 21 — AUGUST 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, orange.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in leadership.

★ Don't wait to be asked. Take the first step. People will follow you in any reasonable enterprise, for your powers of persuasion are at an all-time high. In business you can put over a profitable deal. If in love, you may have to use tact in urging your beloved on in his career. Some of you make decisions for the whole family.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 21 — SEPTEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in being independent.

★ You may be left out on one or two occasions. Don't feel hurt. It is not personal, but merely a combination of circumstances. You are on the giving end. You may visit a sick or elderly person, or help a friend in difficulties. If in love, a little cloud of mystery temporarily surrounds the man in your life; he will explain soon.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21 — OCTOBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, violet.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in competitions.

★ You can now enjoy your friends and pastimes. Be one of a team and, win or lose, you'll have fun. A love affair could blossom into an engagement. The opposite sex plays a big part in your current social activities. Those who are competing for honors in any sphere have the stars on their side. The influence of friends may play an important part.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21 — NOVEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in making contacts.

★ If you want to advance in your career you will need to make a greater social effort. In love, you will win favor with those who count. If in love, parental approval is desirable, but possibly not forthcoming. Likewise the employee finds it advisable to be on good terms with the boss, or a voluntary worker with those in authority.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 21 — DECEMBER 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in new places.

★ Travel will give you pleasure. It will also awaken new interests and lead to new activities. Pastimes which give scope to creative talent—those connected with arts and crafts, in the home or elsewhere—provide happy hours. Whether your journey be long or short, it will prove a gateway to a new world. Students find romance in classrooms.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in getting your own way.

★ Determination enables you to overcome obstacles; you grill your teeth and perform the impossible. Refusing to rely on others, half-hearted in their promises, you reach your objective unaided. In finance you drive a hard bargain; in personal relationships you are fair but unsentimental. With your beloved tread gently.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 21 — FEBRUARY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in partnership.

★ By yourself you won't go far. In company with another you can work wonders. Co-operation is the keynote to success for you this week. Learn from the experience of others. Consult your boy-friend, husband, or fellow committee member before reaching a decision. There is entertainment in the home. If in love, future plans are discussed.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 21 — MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in ambition.

★ Hazziness and vagueness could lead to failures this week. If you are hunting a job, be punctual. If you have a social or business interview, use clear thinking and a down-to-earth attitude. You could speed up your programme and accomplish more by concentrating on the task in hand. The one you love best could help you in a scheme.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

923.—Sheath dress and jacket ensemble perfect for round-the-clock wear. Sizes to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4896.—Elegant coat has a stand-away collar and the design is accented with pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F4808.—Slimly fitting dress has a bow trim at the bustline—it can also be worn as a chemise. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.



F4924



F4896

F4924.—Attractively designed dress has an unusual bow-trimmed neckline which dips into a V-shape at the back. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4925.—Confirmation dress has a Peter Pan collar and is trimmed with lace. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. lace edging. Price 4/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F9206.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make shirt and a pair of trousers for a small boy. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires ¾ to 1 yd. 36in. material for shirt, ¾ to 1 yd. 36in. material for trousers. Price 2/6.



F9206

F4925

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 764.—TENNIS DRESS
Tennis dress with pleated skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin or white pique. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 35/3; 36 and 38in. bust 38/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 765.—DUCHESS SET
Water-lily design duchesse set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen in white and cream, or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat, 12in. x 17in., small mats, 6in. x 8in. For the complete set 8/11. Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 766.—PARTY APRON
Pretty embroidered and frilled party apron is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is headcloth with a contrasting organdie frill and color choice includes white, pale blue, lemon, pink, and green. Price 12/3. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 767.—TAILORED BLOUSE
Trim blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron poplin. Color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, emerald, and lilac. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 11/3; 36 and 38in. bust 13/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

764



765



766

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P431.58

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fleet of rocket ships with plans to capture the world. Two scouts are sent ahead to search for earthmen, and after landing they make their rocket ship invisible, then get out to explore the country. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By R



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STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down—that dull, listless feeling that aching back can be due to sluggish kidneys. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood—lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headaches, rheumatism, etc. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Doan's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

TEENA[®] by Lilla Terry

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Decoy made of a seat and a bird (5-6).
- They may have reviewed Sheridan's plays (7).
- A boy and a shrubby plant of the heath family (5).
- Part of England which makes it a solid part of the earth (4).
- Oil rags (Anagr. 7).
- In final I clout an annulment (13).
- Grudging possibly for the acknowledgments of debt attached to the end (7).
- Land is in his legacy (4).
- I make a plant with no turning left and right (5).
- Let nine be merciful (7).
- A very famous Finn who is not a Finn (11).

DOWN

- The most infantile English poet (8).
- A heavenly hunter with belt and sword (5).
- A den which never lacks air (4).
- Woman's name for an eel (5).
- African capital city (7).
- Tame flesh used as food (4).
- It's immaterial that a bookie and I are on performance of ceremonies (9).
- For your honorable lineage try canes (8).
- Lin's hog (Anagr. 7).
- In this order a volute is on either side of the capital (5).
- Guide a young ox (5).
- Reversible part of the day (4).
- Once a cobbler, today a townsman, or, more often, just a vulgar person (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

DISMISSAL HEN
MEG
ROTATE MUSLIN
G G N E I G
PELLELL SUMP
N E B A
ASSONANCE
R U R N
COAT TATTOOED
A I E A S B
TRADER BESTUD
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